

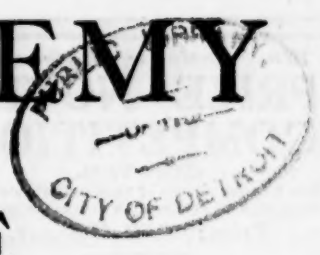
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MAR 15 1911

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE



No. 2026

[Registered as a
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MARCH 4, 1911

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THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willing's bookstalls and shops.

Owing to postal restrictions, THE POETICAL GAZETTE will in future be issued as a separate publication, obtainable through the Poetry Society, Clun House, Surrey Street, W.C. By courtesy of the Editor of "The Academy," the special subscription rate offered Members of the Poetry Society remains available, and as a special privilege they may obtain "The Academy" weekly for one year for 10s. (instead of the ordinary annual postal subscription of 15s.), or for one quarter 2s. 6d.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE Shakespearean writings, whoever was the author of them, are certainly the medium for producing Homeric contests. One day Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw are exchanging compliments. Mr. Bernard Shaw, as a defence of cribbing from Mr. Harris, remarks that Shakespeare was addicted to the practice of "picking up a good thing where you find it." Indeed, yes! According to Dr. Owen, he picked up and calmly appropriated the entire dramatic stock-in-trade of Bacon; and, says Dr. Owen, "I can prove it, and I alone!" "Not at all," says, in effect, Mr. Albert Calvert, "you are only priggish from me. I knew all about the cypher and burblings years ago, and said so in a book I published." According to one authority, Shakespeare was a drunken, dissolute scoundrel; according to another, Bacon was one of the greatest and most impudent literary frauds of all time. We stand aside from a conflict in which only

Achilles and Hector would be worthy protagonists. Fortunately we possess, ranged on our shelves, plays and sonnets which are catalogued under the name of William Shakespeare. They may have owed their authorship, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to a gentleman who would be summarily convicted in these days, or to a profound lawyer who was apparently endowed with a most unlaywerlike equipment. We have our own view on this matter, but if ever it is committed to cypher, we shall take care that it is buried in mid-ocean with a ponderous weight attached to it.

If Charles Dickens is receiving this year his meed of worship, William Makepeace Thackeray is not to go unhonoured and unsung. Twenty octavo volumes, comprising a complete *édition de luxe* of his works, are to be published as a centenary issue by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., beginning with "Vanity Fair" this month, and concluding in November with the "Critical Papers" in art and literature. Reproductions of more than fifteen hundred illustrations by Thackeray himself and other artists, which appeared in the original editions of the various books, are to be included, while Mr. Harry Furniss has designed five hundred special plates. Several of these we have been permitted to see, and they are certainly in the artist's best style, full of humour and significant line; his idea of Becky Sharp is especially good. Evidently there is no reason to fear any eclipse of the fame of the great Victorian novelists for many years to come. A few years ago the indifferent remark was frequently heard, "Nobody reads Dickens—or Thackeray—now, except the old fogeys," a remark which was, of course, absolutely untrue, but one of those contagious observations which gave "tone" and superiority (in certain youthful circles) to the immature critic. That statement would be greeted with scornful laughter to-day. Cheap editions and expensive editions all seem to be good investments from the publishing point of view. In the end the public has the word, and long after critics and writers have passed away its voice proclaims who shall wear the laurel crown.

Among the foreign papers which have recently reached us are copies of the *Wednesday Review* of India, a capably edited weekly modelled on the lines of the London reviews. Politics, literature, science, and "society" come within its sphere, and its articles make interesting reading even for men of the Occident, since English affairs occupy plenty of space in its columns. One paper, entitled "Two Years in Birmingham: some Reminiscences," by an Indian Bachelor of Arts and Science, is a capital little picture of ourselves as others see us—though it is unfortunately written in the present tense. "It is still summer. There is nothing lovelier than a real good English summer day," writes Mr. Raghavendra Rao. "There is brilliant sunshine—a phenomenon so uncommon in England that any morning when the sun comes out all the people rush out of their houses to salute the rising sun, and gleefully call out to their friends across the road, 'What a glorious day!'" We have not noticed this peculiar enthusiasm at 3.30 a.m. (for the month of which the author speaks is July), but there is a certain amount of truth beneath the pleasant exaggeration; we are pleased, also, to note that the reproach of stolidity finds no corroboration from Mr. Rao. He walks through the Park, and sees plenty of life and enjoyment. "Here is a nation that can and does let itself go. Here none of the reserve that is characteristic of the English." Other articles on "Rulers of India" and "Cotton Cultivation in India"—the latter by Professor Kale, M.A.—are well worth consideration by English readers.

TO THE MONTHS

Dance, dance and whirl the weary year away
 Unto the bourne of every bygone year.
 Dance on; your measures, be they sad or gay,
 No imprint leave upon the face austere
 Of this our kingdom. Ring your fleeting rounds—
 Their trace evanishes; and not a birth
 Of darkling vapour 'neath the azure bounds
 Of empyrean, clouding its blue mirth,
 Nor flashing wafture of the wild bird's wing
 Write upon air a more enduring thing.

The Seasons are your garments; them you cast
 Over the world you dance upon; their stain
 Tinctures the vision of the precious past,
 Garlands the garners of delight and pain.
 Though Earth forget them and a bosom bare
 Lifts to the lashes of the winter wind,
 Your robes of many colours—radiant, rare,
 Kindling old haunts of memory—remind
 How Spring and Summer and red golden ways
 Were prelude to the sere of these dark days.

Dance in my heart, ye Twelve, that delicate thing
 Throbs at your lightest footfall, to the last,
 And not a day of all the days ye bring
 Shall unrecorded steal upon the past.
 Too instant are they—each a living stroke
 Of this slight shadow-picture that enspheres
 My life—a vision of a rainbow broke
 On stormy time. Oh, children of the years,
 Your dance of joy shall light my dim to-morrow
 Through the long darkness of your dance of sorrow.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

EBB-TIDE

As in some rocky cleft
 Half hid among the cliffs' vast jagged steeps,
 The sound of ocean softly weeps
 Like dreams long past and left,

The anguished soul of me
 Mourns, shivering, steeped in woe that rends
 Its ship of Love—vowed to enchanted ends—
 Which life's wild wrecking sea,

Storm-driven as if accurst,
 With wild shrieks claimed. Love swooned and sank
 As Fate, relentless, seized the cup and drank
 —But left my soul athirst.

Now ebb-tide's cadence low
 For ever sobs with Love that once was mine:
 Lost more and more the less I all resign
 To One whose claim I know.

A. M. J.

THE NAME OF THE SHIP

By HILAIRE BELLOC

LADY CAPON: Of course they were glad in one way, because it gave him something to do, and they weren't rich, but it was a terrible wrench to have to lose him. His mother went down to Plymouth to see him off, and she tells me that he bore up very well. They're glad of the ship, anyhow.

MR. BAILEY: Ships differ, don't they?

LADY CAPON: Yes; it seems that people find an awful lot of difference. Some ships, you know, they simply try not to get onto at all; but I suppose they're commissioned, or something. (She looks vaguely before her; then her eyes become passably intelligent and alive, as though she had a story to tell.) There was Dick Betherton. . . .

MR. BAILEY (pondering): Dick Betherton!—(waking up suddenly)—Oh! Lord Betherton!

LADY CAPON (a little snappishly): Yes, of course, Lord Betherton.

MARY SMITH: Bill, how can you!

MR. BAILEY (innocently): How can I what? When she said Dick, I couldn't help thinking of all the other Dicks I knew.

MARY SMITH: Well, you know that he used to be called Dick.

MR. BAILEY (sadly): Not by me.

LADY CAPON (hurriedly, to smooth things): Well, anyhow, he was frightfully keen on getting onto the *In*— (She looks puzzled and worried, and then turns to Mary Smith.) The *In*— What was it?

MARY SMITH: *In*—*p*—

MR. BAILEY: *Important*?

MARY SMITH: Oh! how can you—

LADY CAPON (excitedly): No, not the *Important*. It's on the tip of my tongue. . . . The *In*—*n*—

MR. BAILEY: *Indescribable*.

LADY CAPON (waving her hand nervously): No, no! wait a minute. *In*—

MR. BAILEY (sympathetically): *Indestructible*?

MARY SMITH (whispering angrily): I do wish, Bill—

LADY CAPON (interested): The *In*— What did you say, Mr. Bailey?

MR. BAILEY (solemnly): *Indestructible* I suggested, Lady Capon. I'm sure there's a ship called the *Indestructible*, but I can't remember where she is.

LADY CAPON (thoroughly interested): It's very like that, Mr. Bailey. (She looks at him sadly and thoughtfully for a few seconds. Mr. Bailey stares into space through his glasses. Lady Capon shakes her head.) N—o, it's not the *Indestructible*, not exactly, but it's like that. *In*—

MR. BAILEY (cheerfully): *Indefatigable*.

LADY CAPON: No, but it's like that.

MR. BAILEY (in a satisfied tone): Well, then, it is *not* the *Indecent*; she's in the Caracas.

LADY CAPON: The *In*— what, Mr. Bailey?

MR. BAILEY: The *Incredible*, I said.

LADY CAPON (still seeking for the word—worried): You didn't say that; but anyhow it's not that—it's not that sort of sound. You had it nearly once, the *In*—*In*—

MR. BAILEY: *Indescribable*.

LADY CAPON (thoughtfully): No, not that.

MARY SMITH (trying to cut all this short and talking rapidly): I do hope they haven't gone on the China Station. You see. . . .

MR. BAILEY (interrupting): My dear Mary, there mayn't be any China Station any longer. And you couldn't drink there when there was.

LADY CAPON: Isn't there? Couldn't you? (She goes on pitifully in a half tone.) The *In*—*In*—?

MR. BAILEY (brilliantly): The *Inexcusable*?

LADY CAPON (shakes her head irritably, only half hearing): No, no; oh dear! it's on the tip of my tongue again.

MR. BAILEY (suddenly, as though he had found it): I know—the *Inconsequential*. She's a German ship, with blue and white funnels and stripes, and a frieze of white fishes in stencil all round the gunwale strake.

LADY CAPON (triumphantly): The *Inhospitable*; that's it, the *Inhospitable*!

MARY SMITH (gently): Surely, Dorothy dear—

MR. BAILEY (eagerly): Yes, that's it, the *Inhospitable*. I remember her well. She was one of the *Inseparable* class, sister ship to the *Inexorable*. (Mary Smith looks daggers at him. Mr. Bailey goes on talking rapidly.) It's a very funny thing. You can get two ships built one exactly like the other, and yet they behave quite differently. There were those two ships, for instance. I went on one of 'em with my brother Jim to Malta in the year 1903. She rolled like a pig; and the other one was as steady as a timber ship.

LADY CAPON (interested): Which one was that?

MR. BAILEY: The *Ineffable*.

LADY CAPON (disturbed): But you said another name just now.

MR. BAILEY (airily): Oh yes, the *Infalible*; but she's out of commission. They're going to scrap her.

LADY CAPON (recovering it again with triumph): *Inhospitable*! That's it; she's got four funnels.

MR. BAILEY (gloomily): Yes, she would have. (He gets up and moves solemnly across the room. He stoops and peers for a long time closely at a little etching.)

LADY CAPON (to Mary Smith): What are you looking so vicious about, Mary?

MARY SMITH (viciously): Oh, nothing.

LADY CAPON: He's your cousin, isn't he?

MARY SMITH (sighing): Yes.

LADY CAPON (following Mr. Bailey with admiration in her eyes): What a wonderful man! Really, he seems to know every ship in the Navy. Does he belong to the Navy League?

MARY SMITH (wearily): Oh no; oh dear me, no! He's quite the other way.

LADY CAPON (a little offended): Oh dear! Do you mean he's a Little Englander?

MARY SMITH (sighing profoundly): Oh, worse than that!

LADY CAPON (shocked): My dear Mary!

MR. BAILEY (coming slowly back to them again): I was wrong about the name of that ship.

LADY CAPON (very graciously): Oh, Mr. Bailey, I've been hearing dreadful things about you.

MR. BAILEY (in alarm): I hope I didn't get one of the ships wrong, did I? I rather pride myself on knowing that sort of thing.

LADY CAPON (graciously): No; certainly not, Mr. Bailey. (Archly) But we've been hearing dreadful things about your politics.

MR. BAILEY (airily): Oh, my politics! . . . Well, well, I'm not sure that I've got any. But I do hope I know my way about the Navy List. By the way, I was telling you I got the name of that boat wrong.

LADY CAPON (interrogatively, never having met such detailed knowledge before): Yes?

MR. BAILEY: It's the *Intolerable*.

LADY CAPON (muses, looking at the carpet, then suddenly waking up, a little flustered): What an odd name, Mr. Bailey!

MR. BAILEY (vaguely): Yes, it is odd; but they've got odd names sometimes. You see ships inherit names, and

very often they're French names from prizes taken in the Great War. For instance, there was the *Insaissable* and the *Incongrue*, and the *Incomprise*. And—oh, lord! lot's of 'em. (He merges into silence, and many thoughts fill to overflowing the mind of Lady Capon. Mary Smith has given them both up in despair.) I must be going home, Mary. (He gets up to go. Mary Smith shows no enthusiasm to detain him.) It's odd—after our conversation, but the man I'm going to meet now has come off a ship with a name that I can't remember for the moment. But it's the *In— In—*

MARY SMITH (suggesting savagely): *Inexhaustible*!

MR. BAILEY (rapidly): Yes, that's it—the *Inexhaustible*. Thanks, Mary.

LADY CAPON: Oh, Mary! how clever you are!

MR. BAILEY (looking at his cousin paternally and very tenderly): Yes, she is clever, isn't she, Lady Capon? Well, as I was saying, the *Inevitable*—beastly old sieve. (He goes off, and there is a great silence.)

BAXTER AND HIS PRINTS*

THE hobbies of collectors are many, and they are in no small degree, at all events in the present day, the result of ingenious trade impulses started with a view to creating a demand, with a corresponding rise in prices for work which would otherwise arouse little attention. It is so with pictures, it is so with engravings, and now that the nineteenth century is beginning to recede into the past, people are turning to the despised Early Victorians, and wondering vaguely whether there is nothing "collectable" there. There seems every prospect of these curious folk raising the works of George Baxter to this dignity, and the phrase "Baxter Prints" is already coming to have a familiar ring in circles where you must collect something or confess your self unintellectual. It is to help folks who have been bitten with this craze that Mr. Lewis's volume has been produced; and, whatever we may think of the collector-connoisseurs who accumulate Baxter's works and detect in them beauties invisible to his contemporaries, it is certain that Mr. Lewis has turned out a careful study of Baxter's art and craft, and of its place in the chain of artistic development.

George Baxter's works undoubtedly mark a fresh departure; he was indeed the father and practical originator of modern colour-print, and although much of his ingenuity was expended upon the reproduction of subjects intrinsically poor and unworthy, yet his fine craftsmanship appears in the delicacy and richness of his tints, and often in the remarkable sense of atmosphere with which he contrived to invest his distances. Some of his best work is seldom excelled even now; and when one considers the primitive nature of his apparatus, the entire originality of his methods, and his independence of the discoveries and inventions of others, the results he produced are seen to be little short of marvellous. But, of course, they were altogether lacking in the breadth and power and softness of the work of the great mezzo-tinters, whose sun was setting as his was beginning to rise; and they failed, too, when compared with the fine texture and harmonious tones of the great eighteenth-century work, as handled by Rowlandson and some of his contemporaries. The Early Victorian era was a prosaic time; it wholly lacked any understanding of, or desire for, that element of

* *The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century: George Baxter*. By C. T. Lewis. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 21s. net.)

mystery which, as the greatest of the Victorians pointed out, was the essential element in art. So Baxter supplied their need with bright colours and garish lights, which formed appropriate frontispieces for their printed works, and decorated the covers of the jingly music which was the delight of that time.

The life of George Baxter extended from 1804 to 1867. He was born at Lewes, and his early labours were performed there and at Brighton. From the first he displayed the characteristics of careful accuracy and practical ingenuity which marked his work to the last. His temperament was of the irritable artistic sort, which kept him continually at loggerheads with those who ought to have been his friends throughout his life. He was swift to take offence and slow to forgive, and the result was that on the personal side his life was stormy and unsatisfactory. But he was a true artist also in looking for his reward rather in the excellence of his work than to the pecuniary profits which it realised. Although he had one or two spells of success which brought fortune, they never lasted long enough to set his affairs upon a permanent satisfactory footing, and he died at length in what can only be described as poverty. He was open-handed and charitable, and much of his money was dissipated in helping others. Throughout his career he was always busied in improving and perfecting his processes of printing, and he certainly had pre-eminently "the eye that winces at false work and loves the true." He was continually refining and improving his methods, though with small reference to their commercial value, and for some of his colour-prints he used as many as twenty-four blocks, worked, it must be remembered, by hand processes, and in quite a large proportion of his works the number of blocks used was ten and upwards. Thus the labour that he expended to produce his results was very large, and one can only regret that it was not always given to subjects that were worth preserving. Mr. Lewis provides us with a very careful and complete *catalogue raisonné* of his known works, with full details of size, date of publication, and description. This is, so far as we know, the first authoritative catalogue of the kind produced, and collectors will find it invaluable—not the less so for the chapter principally devoted to advising collectors on the subject. Numerous illustrations are provided, and they are exceedingly well produced, the delicacy of Baxter's work being perfectly re-echoed in them both in colours and in black and white. The subject has in short been thoroughly thrashed out in a handsome volume, which will interest a very much larger circle than the collectors to whom it is primarily addressed.

THE LORDS AND THE CROWN

BY MONTAGU WOOD

PART II.

I WAS maintaining last week that the Crown had no power legally or constitutionally to terminate political deadlocks. Let us examine this: What is the case quoted as the foundation of this contention? It is, of course, the one universally cited case, the case of William IV. It is rather curious to reflect that but for the fact that Lord Grey, a Radical of those days, suggested to William IV., an almost Radical King, that he should create Peers to pass the Reform Bill, we should never have heard a syllable of the preposterous contention of the Radical Party to-day that the House of Lords can willy-nilly be overwhelmed and wiped out of existence, nor is it possible to conceive that any one in their wildest moments of insanity

would have dreamt of suggesting such a demented means of solving the embarrassment of a discredited faction. But it is also remarkable that as a matter of fact William IV. did not carry out what he may possibly have intended, so that a precedent, maniacal as such a precedent must have been, was not even in reality actually created.

Now let us consider the circumstances of the proposed creation of Peers so often quoted as compared with the present crisis. There was a case of a Bill brought before Parliament, which came, if any Bill ever did, under the formulae prescribed above—that is to say, a Bill upon which the people, not as a party but as a nation, had grimly, firmly, and in the overwhelming mass of their multitude set their minds, and unsurprisingly so, considering that it was a Bill that conceded them the first and barest elements of political rights. The prolonged rejection of the Bill might without exaggeration (because exaggeration is so customary where revolution is talked of) have led to very serious uprisings of the people. Considering these circumstances, it is quite conceivable that a wise King might justifiably consent to the creation of a few Peers to avert a tremendous national convulsion. It is arguable that it was justifiable, it is arguable that it was advisable. But before one points the absence of all sort of analogy between the present time and that occasion, let us make one comment on the position of the Throne in those days to what it answers to now.

In spite of the checks that since the Stuart times had been placed upon the personal powers of the Sovereign down to the time of William IV. inclusive, the Throne was frankly partisan. The first two Georges were naturally Whigs. George III. was notoriously and in many ways disastrously a strong and bigoted Tory. George IV. was as Prince of Wales a violent Whig; but on becoming Prince Regent transferred himself abruptly to the side of the Tories. William IV., on the other hand, was hailed as a democratic Monarch, so that his acquiescence to create Peers for his *own side* had in those days no baleful significance or promise of acute resentment.

Since those days, happily for every one, the Crown has had no politics. All Sovereigns are human, so that in all probability the Crown has had its partialities, but in overt acts it has held the scales most honourably and impartially.

Now let us see what it is now asked to do. It is asked, I suppose the Radicals would argue, to terminate a deadlock between the two Houses. There is no deadlock between the two Houses in any ordinary sense of the term. There was a temporary deadlock over the Budget, but that has been removed, and there is no bill that has come up from the Commons—save one, to be deferred for a moment in my argument—which has been rejected by the Lords. In fact, to go back to my formula, there is no legislation directly affecting the welfare of the people, upon which the said people have grimly, firmly, and by an overwhelming majority set their hearts that has been rejected by the Lords. Even if that had been so, it would surely have been an order of the very strongest and the most unpalatable kind, to suggest that the Throne should be called in to solve the difficulty. As a fact, as I have already stated, the idea that the Lords would not give way under such circumstances is unthinkable.

Now what are the facts of the present case? The Bill sent up to the Lords which they reject is a Bill to abolish themselves. There is not a fragment of evidence that the people are, in spite of two Elections, virulently hostile to the Peers; on the contrary, the Peers who were said before to represent only themselves, now clearly represent three million electors—quite sufficient to support any Second Chamber. They are also warmly and stoutly supported by the rural constituencies in which they live. Under these circumstances the Crown, hitherto admirably, loyally

instinct with all the finest devotion it is possible to pay to its neutral duty, is called upon by an arbitrary personal act to create an artificial party majority in the Second Chamber of the United Kingdom for the purpose of wiping out the said Chamber from the Constitution of the realm, in defiance not only of every sentiment in connection with the Royal position in the kingdom, but in defiance of the Coronation Oath, whereby it has religiously sworn to maintain the Constitution in its integrity.

In regard to any such personal act, let us reiterate the fact that the Crown has no Constitutional power to create Peers in the way suggested. The Crown has power to create Peers, to reward national and political services within rational limits, but it has no Constitutional power to create Peers for the avowed and intended object of manufacturing an artificial majority in one of the Estates of the realm, and so forcing through a purely partisan measure; much less has it the Constitutional power (save the mark!) to create Peers in order to eliminate one element of the Constitution which it has solemnly sworn to uphold. So far with regard to the Constitutional standpoint; but an additionally imperative standpoint is the legal one. Not only must the sense of the community be outraged by the suggestion of such arbitrary action in regard to decency and custom, but its legality is entirely without foundation. The legal aspect of the question is this: The Crown can technically and legally ennoble as many subjects as it chooses, but it cannot, without the consent of the House of Peers, make them Lords of Parliament. The House of Lords *can therefore refuse to allow them to vote.*

Constitutionally, and legally therefore, the Crown has no status to act; but even if it had, can any one conceive that a Prime Minister outside Bedlam would recommend the Throne to interfere in the matter or to drag it into the mire and degradation of party politics? Obviously the Throne must either acquiesce, and become a tool of the Radical party, or refuse and be the target of its vulgar abuse. Unhappily there is no alternative, because to abstain is, to the hectoring Radical mind, to refuse; so that if the personal advisers of the Crown, as opposed to the political ones, say, as they only can say, "We have no power of any sort, and no wish to interfere with party politics," that will be treated as a refusal by the riff-raff of the Government battalions, and acted on as such. It is useless with such battalions to argue that, if Peers are to be made for Radicals to abolish the House of Lords, more Peers must be made subsequently to re-establish them, and so the Throne is to be a pawn in the party game henceforth, and evermore shorn of dignity and prestige.

On one thing, however, let the Unionist Party and the House of Lords be absolutely determined. If the Throne cannot see its way to resist the advice tendered by its Ministers to create 500 Peers, those 500 Peers must be in full measure created. The whole thing is an undisguised bluff on the part of the Radical Ministry. A few months ago they openly declared that not a single Peer was to be created because the House of Lords was expected to give way. Now they declare "Yes; the Peers will be created in batches of fifty. After the first fifty the Lords will give way." What a delightful trap, if any one is fool enough to fall into it. Nothing can exceed the grotesque farcical pantomime position of the Radical Cabinet if they have to create those 500 Peers, out of their democratic, disinterested gutter following. Also, if one may respectfully suggest anything to the personal advisers of the Monarchy, let 500 be created or none. They and their Radical sponsors will be the laughing-stock of the universe. These sponsors will moreover have grossly and egregiously violated the privilege of Parliament, the privilege of party, and the primary liberties of the Kingdom.

REVIEWS

THE GREAT KEVIR

Overland to India. By SVEN HEDIN. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

SECOND only in order of merit to the pleasure of traversing great distances in a far-off land is that of sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire and reading the story of such travels. Those who would obtain a somewhat nearer insight into the life of modern Persia than is possible from a perusal of the daily paper will find a deep well of information in Dr. Sven Hedin's recent work, "*Overland to India*," more especially since the learned author, as he points out in his Preface, diligently avoided routes trodden by the feet of other travellers. Now "travelling in Persia is as calm and peaceful as on country roads in Sweden, and exciting adventures are exceedingly rare," and, consequently, one would naturally expect a certain "flatness in the description" of day after day spent amidst the deserts of Iran. We are, therefore, exceedingly grateful to the author for the gracious way in which he extends his forgiveness to us if we perhaps grow a little "weary of the perpetual ring of caravan bells, and look eagerly for an oasis where for awhile he may wake from his slumbers."

The first point to appreciate before setting out upon the arduous task of following the author's restless footsteps through the sandy wastes is that a *farsakh* is equivalent, roughly speaking, to three and three-quarter miles. The earlier portions of the journey—namely, from Trebizond through Erzerum and Tabriz to Teheran—do not call for any particular comment. In view of recent events, it is, of course, of some interest to read of the manner in which Russia protects and extends her interests in the land of the lion and the sun, and for this and other obvious political reasons one may well pay a considerable amount of attention to the descriptions of such strategical points of vantage as Erzerum. The favourite policy of Russia in playing off native races against each other, and thereby keeping them in a lasting state of impotence, is well exemplified in these introductory chapters.

The far-reaching effects of the opening of a new commercial route may be appreciated when one reads, as here, of the comparative ruin of Tabriz, which shortly before the opening of the Suez Canal had a population of 350,000 inhabitants, but has now sunk to the level of a mere provincial market-town. The decline of Tabriz is merely a single illustration of a general national decadence:—

A degenerate race, without orderly control, without discipline and obedience; a morality which reminds one of whitened sepulchres; a language which produced one of the world's richest literatures, but is now spoken by a people which has lost mastery over itself, and is spoken in a land which seems doomed to disappear as an independent state. Everywhere is seen neglect and decay, an indifference which knows no other rule of life than *laissezaller*.

Such is the author's indictment of modern Persia.

At Teheran began the serious business of the expedition—namely, that of equipping a caravan, no novelty to such an old hand as the author. Those who have followed his previous wanderings in Central Asia and Tibet will scarcely be surprised to hear that the explorer felt a great longing for places far from the haunts of men:—

And yet I was eager to return to the desert; its silent, inexplicable witchery drew me on with irresistible force; I seemed to hear its mysterious voices calling to me from its

depths, "Come home." Beyond the great desert I had a vision of the blue, snow-clad mountains of Tibet, but now the desert must first be conquered.

The latter half of the first volume is mainly devoted to the Great Kevir, that weird inland lake of salt and mud which is scarcely less mysterious than that other great lake in the heart of Africa, Lake Tchad, recalling vividly the memory of the late ill-fated Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. Its area, in round figures, is 21,000 square miles, about the same as that of Lake Michigan. Dr. Sven Hedin mapped with considerable care the Southern limits of this immense salt waste, which possesses a maximum length of 300 miles and a maximum breadth of 150, and twice traversed it, from South to North and from North to South, by these means enabling himself to form a fairly complete theory of its origin and extent:—

The Kevir is, then, a kind of masked subterranean lake, concealed and filled up by the loose material carried into it by the watercourses; it is a lake which contains more mud than water; a lake with a bottom which, paradoxical as it may sound, lies higher than the water-surface, for we should have to dig down some eight inches into the solid matter before coming to the water . . . it is really a hydro-graphic system of beds without water.

The Kevir appears to be a climatic boundary, and

Though an exceedingly shallow and flat depression, is an enormous recipient for all the rain-water that falls in the surrounding hills; it collects from all four points of the compass as into a lake.

Although caravans frequently cross the Kevir, the passage is fraught with very grave danger. After heavy rains the whole expanse becomes one vast quagmire, and men and camels may never, or only with the greatest difficulty, escape to dry ground. Upon the completion of his second crossing the author convinced himself that "the descriptions by the natives of the risks to be encountered were not exaggerated." There is a native tradition that the salt desert was formerly a large lake into which a broad river discharged its waters. Under existing conditions, according to the author's theory, denudation is proceeding with great and destructive energy, and "it is the part of the rain to wash down, during the winter months, to the Kevir all the material pulverised during the summer; and during the lapse of thousands of years the depression has been filled up with solid matter."

"Persia is poor in everything except square miles," and when one contemplates the universal apathy prevalent in that decadent land and the rapacity with which landlords and bureaucrats seize the meagre profits of the peasants one is scarcely surprised to hear it so described.

A study of the Kevir undoubtedly affords ground for extremely fascinating conjecture, not only as to its past history, but as to its future destiny. The author's conclusion is that—

Undoubtedly the physical geographical changes now in progress will end in entirely converting the Kevir into a sandy desert of the same kind as in Eastern Turkestan. And we can, on the other hand, draw the inference that Eastern Turkestan, after having been at one time a part of the Central Asiatic mediterranean Sea, was gradually filled up with finely disintegrated products of weathering of the same kind as in the present Kevir, and that its solidified lake of wet mud and clay was finally dried and hardened to such a degree that it could bear the weight of the encroaching sand.

In Tebbes, that marvellous oasis of palms and running water set like a tiny island in the midst of the wastes of sand, the author had the good fortune to witness the great Passion Play performed each year in the first month of the Mohammedan lunar year, Moharrem, in commemoration of

the death of Hussein at Kerbela in the year A.D. 680. Readers of the author's "Trans-Himalaya" will remember how he also witnessed the New Year festival of the Tibetans in Tashi-lunpo.

The present work is not devoted entirely to a record of Dr. Sven Hedin's own wanderings, but discusses in very full detail the journeys in Persia of a number of more or less celebrated travellers, from the days of Alexander the Great and Marco Polo to those of Lieutenant Vaughan. "The great value of Marco Polo's description of the Persian desert consists in confirming and proving its physical invariableness during more than six hundred years. It had as great a scarcity of oases then as now, and the water in the wells was not less salt than in our own days."

At Seistan the author found himself in the midst of a plague-stricken area. The ravages of the dreaded disease are graphically described. The general impression of Persia and the Persians conveyed by this work is a sad one. But that the future is not necessarily black is clearly demonstrated. The great need of the country is improved irrigation. "Fertility in Persia is almost solely dependent upon water supply; and here alone [Seistan] is enough water not merely to fill great canals as large as rivers, and a network of smaller ditches and dykes, but also very frequently to run to waste in superfluous swamps and lagoons." And again, "The soil is not less fruitful than before, and, whether the volume of water in the Hillmend increases or diminishes, it is always so enormous that it could provide for the maintenance of millions of human beings."

A few words may be said regarding the maps and illustrations. Dr. Hedin's services to cartography are well known and appreciated. He has in these volumes added greatly to our knowledge of the more remote regions of Iran, and in especial of the great Kevir, of which all existing maps give an inaccurate representation. The illustrations are very numerous, almost unduly so, and the coloured plates might well have been omitted. The gem of the collection is a photograph of the great Tamarisk outside Tebbes, with men and camels beneath its shade, and the city floating like a mirage in the background. The sketches from the author's pencil do not pretend to artistic merit, and therefore escape comment. And so we leave him wending towards the land of wild asses and yaks, beyond the eternal snow.

THE GREAT WORD

The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel.

By ERNEST F. SCOTT, D.D.

The Founding of the Church. By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON,

D.D., LL.D. Constable. 1s. net each.

THREE or four volumes of this series—"Modern Religious Problems"—have already been noticed in *THE ACADEMY*. It was shown that a number of persons, not widely known to fame, innocent of the simplest logical sense, were prepared with a stern flourish of critical trumpets to brush all that is vital in the Christian religion on one side. These prophets of "Modern Religious Problems" set about their work with a kind of sad stoicism; they grieved even as they struck; with a sort of *fiat justitia, ruat cælum* air they evacuated the Gospels of all but a little weak morality, and left us to contemplate documents about as inspiring as "Poor Robin's Almanack."

Dealing with two fresh volumes in the same series it is not necessary to retrace the old ground. It was shown that the reasoning powers of these "higher critics" would have entailed a whipping in the thirteenth-century booby-class; it is hardly worth while repeating the process. Dr.

Ernest F. Scott, who is Professor of Church History in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, however, is perhaps worth a passing notice. He is quite certain that the Fourth Gospel "cannot" be attributed to the Apostle St. John; and here are some of his reasons:—

Its portrait of Jesus is dominated by certain conceptions of His work and nature which were not possible to a thinker of the primitive age. . . .

We cannot believe that one who had known Jesus in the flesh, and who had been nearer to Him than any other, would thus have presented the Master's life. His reflections on the meanings of the life could never have displaced his interest in the life itself. . . . The Gospel . . . lacks the warm colours and the definite outlines of personal reminiscence. The Evangelist, like Paul, is "one born out of due time," who has not witnessed the earthly life of Jesus except through the eyes of others.

And so forth, and so forth; and one turns to the Gospel and reads:—

When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.

And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see.

Jesus wept.

It is curious that any one, professing any form whatsoever of Christianity, should have the hardiness to sweep away all the evidence both of universal tradition and of hard fact itself on no better ground than his own purely personal fancies and speculations. So and so was not "possible" to a primitive thinker, we "cannot believe" this, we cannot admit that. One would really be glad to know the qualifications of this writer for making his whims and conjectures the criterion of the truth.

However, too much space has been given to the vagaries of these obscure and illogical persons who know, as they say, the mind of Christ better than the Apostles and the Evangelists. The real interest of these little books, and of many other books written in the same spirit, is the evidence they afford of the infinite possibilities of human errancy; and this capacity for going astray, for being utterly and completely wrong on any given question, is no doubt the defect of the human quality. The lower we go in the scale of being the less the possibility of defect; to put it roughly and crudely, a chunk of old red sandstone, which cannot possibly be "wise," cannot possibly be "foolish;" an oyster which cannot be "kind" cannot be "cruel;" a tiger which cannot be "moral" cannot be "immoral." It is when we get to man that we rise into the region of the great paradoxes. The being who can literally mount to heights of meditation and imagination that are unearthly is also transcendent on the downward path, so that there have been people who have declared men to be inferior to the trees and the flowers and the dead rock itself. The rocks, they would say, know not corruption, whereas humanity for ever dwells on the very edge of death and putrefaction; a man, with his eyes turned heavenward, is removed by but the drawing of a breath from that mass of horrible and deadly poisons which we call a corpse; and thus is man inferior to a diamond, to a lump of granite even.

So with the intellect; a pig is incapable of reason and equally incapable of unreason. The same measure applies to the Arts; an anthill is not architecture, but ants can never commit the horrible follies and monstrosities in brick and stone which are making the inhabited parts of the earth hideous to look upon. The chains which hold the lower parts of creation, so that they may not ascend on high, restrain them also from descending lower than the place which has been appointed them.

Now in the eighteenth century it may be said generally—with certain notable exceptions—that mankind in Europe had succeeded in entirely forgetting the meaning of the Arts. It was not so much that people wrote ill or painted badly as that they had ceased to know what Art is in its essence. We know that they regarded Pope's work as representing the highest achievement of poetry; we may justly conclude, then, that they had not the remotest notion as to the meaning of the word "poetry." Strange as it may seem, the whole mass of well-educated, otherwise intelligent Englishmen had succeeded in blotting out of their consciousness and intelligence and emotions a piece of knowledge, an instinct, which is part of the very definition of man. It was as if a whole nation, subject like all other men to the passion of thirst, endeavoured to appease this physical desire by swallowing dust and ashes. It would be incredible if it had not happened. So also would certain modern states of mind with respect to religion be incredible if we had not evidence of its existence in the form of "Modernism," "Higher Criticism," and such-like bewilderingments. Using general terms, religion manifests itself to that form of mental muddle which calls itself "the modern spirit" as a system of ethics touched with hysteria. The real substance of the dish, as it were, is a moral substance; but that this may be swallowed and rendered more or less palatable we are allowed a sauce of vague sentiment. It is as if the priest, reading out the Decalogue, were to treat himself and the congregation to a gulp and a choke after each Commandment, thereby testifying to his belief in the Cosmos, the Immanence, and the Benevolence of Everything and the Equality of Everybody, and the (almost) certainty that there is a Sort of Something Somewhere that, for the present at all events, we may justifiably continue to call God. Still, the gulp and its significance are but the agreeable accessories of the real thing: true religion consists in not coveting one's neighbour's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his.

And here is a blunder, here is a blindness almost as enormous as if one thought that literature consisted of the rules in the grammar, or painting of the laws of perspective, or good manners of obedience to the negative injunctions laid down in little books of etiquette.

Religion, to put the matter simply and intelligently, is nothing more than the supreme art of happiness. Like other arts, it has its negative rules. Suppose we regard man for a moment purely as a thirsty animal, who is to be instructed in the true method of appeasing thirst. We should give him some preliminary and negative cautions, such as (if you would quench your thirst), you must not eat salt, you must not drink sea-water, you must not consume dust and ashes. These cautions—or commandments—clear the way, as it were; but it would be a strange error indeed that would put them in the place of the great draught of the cold well-water, which alone can quench the burning, and finally satisfy the desire. So with religion. Its end is happiness; it declares that this happiness—this fullness of joy and delight, this fulfilment of all that man's being vaguely prophesies—is only to be found in a certain way or conduct of the soul, and it lays down its laws and its rules and its cautions so that this end may be attained. Part, and part only, of this code is ethical, and the Christian religion, it may be claimed, stands unique on this ground—that it has perceived the real relation and interdependence of the means and the end. There was plenty of morality in pre-Christian times, and plenty of "religion," but it had not been perceived that the one was the means and the other the end. You had your philosophic code of morals and you had your mysteries of Eleusis; but the pagan world did not see that on the one hand ethics *qua* ethics did not lead

to initiation—that is happiness—nor did it understand that the immoral person was incapable of being initiated.

The Catholic Faith joined the two broken syllables, and made one great Word; we must take care that modern heresy and confusion do not shatter that quickening utterance into senseless particles.

AMERICA'S EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL LEGISLATION

American Commercial Legislation before 1789. By ALBERT ANTHONY GIESECKE, Ph.D., President of the University of Cuzco, Peru. (University of Pennsylvania. \$1 50c.)

The Tariff History of the United States. By F. W. TAUSSIG, Ph.D., Henry Lee Professor of Economics in Harvard University. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

THESE two books deal, the one with the history of American legislation of all kinds before 1789, and the other with the history of the tariffs, beginning almost immediately after that date. The first, of course, was the legislation imposed compulsorily upon America when she was regarded as a subject-Colony to England, and the second is the story of her own voluntarily decreed legislation for the purpose of expanding her trade and commerce. The first book is new, and the second is a fresh edition of a highly successful and authoritative work first produced in 1888, and now revised and brought right up to date. In view of the recently proposed reciprocity agreement between America and Canada, they are both of special value and give rise to much thought.

Professor Giesecke's book appeals perhaps mainly to the pure scholar as apart from the practical political historian. It is essentially a student's book, though it treats of its subject in the most lucid way. Students of Adam Smith—and they are still too few—will be already familiar with a great deal of the ground covered. The old economic fallacy so utterly destroyed in the "Wealth of Nations," that wealth consisted in money, gold and silver, and that those could be brought to a country and kept there only by means of a favourable balance of trade—i.e., by an excess of exports over imports—is seen to be the basis of England's commercial policy during this long period.

In this belief difficulties were placed in the way of the importation of foreign goods, and the export of raw materials was restricted with the idea that it helped the home markets, and what with bounties on the one hand and restrictions on the other trade was forced through artificial channels and progress was very slow. All this was done because the Colonies were looked upon primarily as sources of profit, and their trade was to be preserved, with exceptions, to the merchants of the Mother Country. The result of this policy we know. It led to the refusal of the colonists, as they then were, to submit to English dictation as to the way in which they were to conduct their own business, and a repudiation of the authority of a Parliament in which they had no representation, and which assembled some three thousand miles away. The end of the conflict was the discarding of all external governing authority and the drawing up of the Articles of Confederation, the principles of which have led to the foundation of the United States, where can be witnessed forty-five equal and co-ordinate States, living peaceably together as one nation. Yet the year 1789 marks no such epoch in economic as it does in political history, and we have to pass on to the year 1808 to see the birth of the

new idea and the growth of the Protectionist principle in America.

The Berlin and Milan Decrees of Napoleon and the English Orders in Council led in December, 1807, to the Embargo. The Non-Intercourse Act followed in 1809; war with England was declared in 1812. During the war intercourse with England was prohibited, and all import duties were doubled. The last-mentioned measure was adopted in the hope of increasing the revenue, but had little effect, for foreign trade practically ceased to exist. This series of restrictive measures blocked the accustomed channels of exchange and production, and gave an enormous stimulus to those branches of industry whose products had before been imported. Establishments for the manufacture of cotton goods, woollen cloths, iron, glass, pottery and other articles sprang up with a mushroom growth. . . . The consequent rise of a considerable class of manufacturers, whose success depended largely on the continuance of Protection, formed the basis of a strong movement for more decided limitation of foreign competition."

There you have shortly the rise of the tariff movement in America and the creation of a powerful class in the community, in due time to become the most powerful of all classes, whose strength is always at its disposal.

The subsequent history of the tariff movement in America is a story varying in important and uncertain ways, but it is always increasing in strength, and increasing in its demands proportionate to its strength.

Gradually the trusts grew under a system developing its tariff not mainly for revenue, but for protective purposes. Their legislative control, however, is of comparatively recent years. One of the best examples is to be found in the victory of the Sugar Trust during the passing of the Tariff Act of 1894. At first the proposal for the sugar-duty was incorporated in a series of measures, one of which was the proposal for the establishment of an income-tax, beginning on incomes over \$4,000. This tax on the comparatively rich was meant to offset the burden the sugar-duty would impose on the poor. But the income-tax proposal was lost whilst the sugar-tax was won.

The Tariff Act of 1897 went still further along this course. "The tariff of 1897, like that of 1890, was the outcome of an aggressive spirit of Protection." "It was the longest-lived of the general Tariff Acts of the United States. Its material was the Act of 1846, which remained undisturbed for eleven years. That of 1897 remained in force for twelve years."

The huge fortunes acquired in some protected industries, the Carnegie fortune most conspicuously of all, brought the feeling against monopolies and trusts to bear against the high duties. . . . The two things—trusts and tariffs—are much associated in the public mind, and hostility to the combinations has bred hostility to extreme Protection. Hence the Republican party on its campaign platform of 1908 gave a promise of revising the tariff; and its candidate, soon to become President Taft, pledged his efforts to secure a revision—"revision" being understood on all hands to mean primary reduction.

The Bill was at last produced, and in the main was of a lowering tendency as regards tariff-rates. Yet when it reached the Senate—that faithful guard of the interests of the Corporations—the Protectionists, under the leadership of Senator Aldrich, carried 847 amendments!

So the Bill went to a Conference Committee, and there, as usual, its details were finally settled. . . . What passed in the Conference Committee can only be guessed, but guessed with some certainty; many sessions, hurried procedure, give and take, insistence by this or that member among the ten on some duty in which he is particularly interested.

But in the end President Taft intervened, and, securing the complete abolition of the duty upon hides, also secured a

general lowering of the tariff in fulfilment of his election pledges. Professor Taussig says, however, later on:—

In a sense the Act of 1909 brought no essential change in our tariff system. It still left an extremely high scheme of rates, and still showed an extremely intolerant attitude on foreign trade.

The political battle of the future is clearly to be the battle of the tariffs, the fight between the interests of those who produce the necessities of life and the millions who use them. To those interested in the great commercial problems arising out of the tariffs there is much to learn from and ponder over in this nobly-written history of tariffs in the United States of America.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Le Voyage Romantique: Chez Louis II., Roi de Bavière. By FERDINAND BAC. (Eugène Fasquelle, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

M. FERDINAND BAC is a distinctly fascinating writer. His work exhibits that undefinable quality which we may roughly describe as writing for writing's sake, a quality which not seldom extorts from the reader its corollary—reading for reading's sake. The author has, of course, a thesis; he might say, with La Fontaine, "Et conter pour conter me semble peu d'affaire," but his sincerity would be as questionable as that of the fabulist. Not that we mean to disparage the subject of the "Voyage Romantique"—an interesting theme admirably treated; but the manner outweighs on the whole the matter. The thesis, at times passionately supported, of the necessity for artistic consistency, for "l'Unité Romantique," seems to fail in wringing a verdict even from the author—its judge, jury, and counsel for the defence rolled into one. M. Bac has, in fact, the extraordinary talent of being able to give, in their most telling form, all the arguments against his own side. We are reminded of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Modern Symposium," where a dozen political thinkers of the most various complexions are made to say, one after the other, the absolutely last word in an endlessly-revolving wheel of debate. We are reminded over and over again of Robert Louis Stevenson—the Stevenson of "Virginibus Puerisque," of "An Inland Voyage," of "A Lodging for the Night." We find here the same obscurantism, the same self-mockery, the same helpless irony in face of "the big battalions." M. Bac notes sympathetically this last quality in the hero of his book—Ludwig II. of Bavaria—adding that he displayed it at its best at the moment of his supreme isolation and defeat, "for to practise irony when everybody can see the meaning of it is to take away all its effect and to bring it down to the level of a mere exercise of wit." Another ingredient of the present work is the absorbing interest of the author in works and questions of art; this also he shares with Stevenson, but in a far higher degree. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that the matters that M. Bac here discusses—Stevenson-like—in the spirit of an amateur were formerly the things of his profession. He was a painter, in fact, before he became a writer. In this connection, if we may be allowed one more comparison, it would be interesting to put his work alongside of that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, another penman who began with the pencil and the brush. We find the same freedom from literary conventions, the same amiable discursiveness, the same susceptibility to all sorts of suggestion. "Le Voyage Romantique" has something of the power and character of a dream. It is a medley of fact and fiction. Pascal Latour, a rather shadowy personage, more of a brain or a bundle of perceptions than a living man, resolves to go on his travels in search of the beautiful—of loveliness set in

loveliness, free from all vulgar discordance. As companion for his journey he takes a little sempstress, called Simplicité, another unreal personage, whose untaught aspirations after the beautiful may serve as a foil to his own exaggerated æsthetic culture. Once embarked on the quest, Latour becomes, for any real young girl corresponding to the Simplicité of the story, though not for a sympathetic reader of latent artistic proclivities, excessively long-winded; he confesses indeed as much, when his companion, not unnaturally, seizes an occasion to get away from him. "It is a pity," he humorously laments, "I should have had the opportunity of easing myself for good and all of a whole crowd of *dicta* that no one has ever yet been willing to listen to." The stuff of M. Latour's reflections is theories of art and Romanticism. He has all the Romanticisms—the return to a Golden Age, the return to one's twentieth year, a touch of sympathy for Wertherism, a regret for the old provincial basis of society. Christian Romanticism is set off by that of the modern Simple Life. He gives us reminiscences of Borrow, of de Quincey's "Mail-coach," of Victor Hugo; he utters sentences that might come straight out of "Dorian Grey." Speaking of some curious cloud-effects, "Those are," said Pascal carelessly, "clouds of the English School of 1820—the property of Mr. Bonington, whose delightful studies you can see at the Louvre." Simplicité contributes an occasional item, sometimes fairly appropriate, to the romantic feast; once, for instance, to confirm a long disquisition of Latour's on Nature's abhorrence of symmetry, she narrates the appearance of a square cloud over her native village, whereat the villagers set to feasting and drinking and consuming all their provisions and stores, thinking the end of the world had come. For the attack on Romanticism, M. Bac has recourse to such protagonists as Max Nordau, with whose opinions he furnishes the mind of the "Conseiller d'État," who gives the case against Ludwig II.

Ludwig II., the half-hero of the book, is the nucleus of that part of it that deals with historical facts. It is natural that the Mecca of the romantic travellers should be the scenes where the patron of Wagner tried to live his dream and met his tragic end. Many new facts and views are brought to light, and there is no reason to distrust the substantial accuracy of the accounts, favourable to the King, of the Hungarian painter, and of the coachman who had been the partner of so many of those famous nocturnal escapades, in the gilded coach, lighted by electricity—an unexpected trait in our romantic—or of the brutal requisitory of the "Conseiller d'État." The King's habit of ordering executions, which were carried out in as academic a spirit as those of the Queen of Hearts in "Alice in Wonderland," and his imposition of a mask on a servant who displeased him, and who had an ugly face, are amusingly told. Two interesting documents are the remarkably sane proclamation of the alleged madman at the very moment of the *coup d'état*, and a letter to a certain Countess, the only woman he seems to have come near loving. In this latter he speaks eloquently and touchingly of his own character; "hatred of everything that is base" is the note he signals himself. The castles are described, and the daily life of the King, though we miss the famous drive across the snow with torches. We feel, too, that the account of the final tragedy, when the body of the King was found locked in a mortal embrace with that of the mad doctor, below the waters of the Starnbergersee, is incomplete through lack of the mythical element. We have ourselves found traces of the peasant belief still surviving a bare ten years since that Ludwig did not perish in the Starnbergersee, but continued to live among his faithful peasantry for many years afterwards.

The life of Ludwig II. of Bavaria is an excellent text for a writer on Romanticism, for he exhibited not only the

peculiarities that are morbid to the Philistine, but also the foibles that the disciple would condemn out of his own creed. He sins often against artistic harmony. On this point M. Bac is particularly interesting. Severe as he is for the *bourgeois*, who tries to buy an artistic equipment on no principle at all, whereby "most people's houses are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where any creed can enter and hold its fancy bazaar under the eye of the Turkish gendarme," he is hardly less so for the æsthetic purist. "It is science rather than truth." The bigot for eighteenth-century decoration should reflect that they mixed their styles at the best moments of the eighteenth century. We might extend this condemnation of æsthetic purism, with reservations, to linguistic purism. A language would suffer indeed if all its words were made to satisfy the conditions of uniformity of origin and antiquity.

An interesting incident in the book is the story of Moritz Schwind, the brilliant Viennese painter who was befriended and honoured by Ludwig II., and whose merits have scarcely met—outside Germany—with the reward they deserve. We will conclude with the story of a Tyrolese innkeeper's wife, who had enjoyed the royal patronage; on her death-bed she is reported to have said, "Je bénis mes Hautes Seigneuries et je les supplie de . . . nous garder toujours Leur auguste clientèle." Though this is not the original language, it would be a pity to translate it.

THE LAND OF OMAR

Through Persia in Disguise, with Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny. By COLONEL C. E. STEWART, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E. Edited by BASIL STEWART. (George Routledge and Sons. 15s.)

COLONEL STEWART served for twenty-five years in India, and afterwards for thirteen in Persia, completing his service with seven years as Consul-General at Odessa. In India he went through the Mutiny of 1857, both with English and Indian troops, and was constantly in action; though very junior, he commanded a native regiment in the Umbeyla Campaign of 1863-4, and was highly commended in despatches for his gallantry in the expedition against the Jowaki-Afridis in 1877-78. He thus gained a knowledge of various languages and of the native character which was most useful in his travels in Persia. On one occasion he crossed Syria, and went down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf, taking with him his newly-married wife. Later, he landed at Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and journeyed through Armenia to Teheran and Ispahan. He had a feeling for the Armenians, who, being Christians, fare badly; the Kurds ravage the country, while the Turks do not pay for provisions supplied. Colonel Stewart noticed many interesting things: "The difference between a Persian and a Turk is that a Turk always drinks coffee, and a Persian tea." "Certain Mahomedan tribes in Persia believe that Hussein, the grandson of Mahomet, went voluntarily to death when he was killed near Bagdad, so that mankind should thereby be saved. This idea of an atonement being requisite is evidently acquired from Christianity." He found that "although Russians drive so well, they never ride, with the exception of Cossacks." In Armenia he observed a dislike to the Turkish Government among the Christian population, but a still greater dislike to the Russian Government. In Persia, he described briefly, but clearly, the division of Mahomedans into Sunnis and Shiah, the latter declaring Ali, the prophet's nephew and son-in-

law, to be the first Khalif. "It is curious how the love of Ali and his family has taken the place of patriotism and every other feeling in Persia." He praises the Persians highly for their excellent Parisian manners, but evidently did not trust them. To the Europe-taught ones he applies the Arab proverb, "They leave their home a donkey and return a thorough jackass."

Colonel Stewart made a long journey in 1880-81 from Ispahan to the North-East frontier of Persia, disguised, under the name of Kwajah Ibrahim, as a Calcutta Armenian dealer in horses, engaged on their purchase. He assumed the disguise "because I could travel about more conveniently as an Armenian than as an Englishman," and kept it up for four and half months, only once being doubted by an Afghan merchant from the Panjab, whose suspicions he managed to allay. His long employment on the Afghan frontier enabled him to observe much, and while attached to the Afghan Boundary Commission of 1884-86 he visited Herat. His health suffered at times; the heat was constantly excessive, and the water was often brackish and hardly drinkable. Like all Persian travellers, he dilates upon the Kavir, or Great Desert, of which only parts are salt and look as if they had formed part of an inland sea: "Sometimes the whole soil seems rotten and the feet sink deeply into it, salt showing on the surface." Food was at times a difficulty, though he was assured by Persians that manna did sometimes fall from heaven. His travels and surveying have added greatly to the knowledge of Persia, and it is to be regretted, as he says, that when the Shah applied for twelve English officers to drill his troops, but did not offer to pay them, expecting the Indian Government to do so, the application was refused. "The influence that England would have gained in Persia would have been considerable." Besides his travels, Colonel Stewart held Consular appointments at various large towns in Persia, and gained such special information of the country that he was invited to lecture before the Geographical Society and other London institutions. These papers are reproduced and repay perusal, though they are no longer quite up to date.

Mrs. Stewart has prefixed a very suitable Introduction to her late husband's journals, which have been edited by Mr. Basil Stewart, already known as an author. The story is well told, with good maps, and is an interesting record of an unusual career. More illustrations would have been welcome, especially if they had been as humorous as that of the picture in the Cathedral at Julfa, Ispahan, illustrating the parable of the man with the beam in his eye picking the mote out of his friend's eye.

PATRIOTISM AND SOCIALISM

Contre l'Aigle: Contre Nous. By PAUL ADAM. (Falque. 3f. 50c.)

Books, articles, and pamphlets directed "Contre l'Aigle" (the Prussian one) have for a long time been numerous in France, but during the last twelvemonth they have certainly exceeded the average; the fortieth anniversary of the Franco-Prussian War seems to have usurped by anticipation the customary honours of a fiftieth commemoration. After all, this is perfectly natural; another decade will have thinned too irretrievably the ranks of the foremost combatants, and will perhaps have answered the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Though the majority of these writings are of an ephemeral character, many of them serve a useful purpose in exhuming facts from the graves where they have been buried by unscrupulous idealists. M. Paul Adam is a

distinguished writer, but in his latest work he has not achieved a monument of imperishable bronze; he has compiled a somewhat incoherent volume, relieved by a series of extremely lucid intervals.

The book is divided into two parts; the shorter, earlier part is by far the more interesting. "Contre nous" is a series of excessively-detached remarks on the vices that M. Adam finds in modern society, especially in modern French society. His standpoint is a little elusive. We were prepared for attacks from the author of "Basile et Sophia," on bureaucracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and Philistinism; these attacks we get in the best Flaubert and Whistler style. We were less prepared for his ferocious and, it must be added, very practical advocacy of Socialism. "Give us arms" is his cry; he demands them, not only to repulse the invader, but also to inaugurate the millennium. This had led him into a controversy with a Hervéist journal; a sketch of the arguments is given. He criticises the actual organisation of strikes and elections, and has some appallingly practical suggestions for the leaders of revolutions.

But, as we have already said, it is the "Contre l'Aigle" theme that is the best worked out. M. Adam here goes to the very root of the matter, and joins issue with those very politicians whose ideas he seems elsewhere to share, the Parliamentary Socialists. He is quite as severe for the partisans of Jaurès as he is for those of Hervé; if the latter are preparing to hand over their countrymen gagged and bound to foreign Cæsarism, the former are doing to the full as much mischief by their vague sentimentalities and untimely fraternisings with a potential enemy. "Le pacifisme, voilà l'ennemi" would be a very fair rendering of M. Adam's thesis: he believes in nationality; he brings his opponents down to facts; he shows them in the concrete instance of Alsace that it is not a matter of indifference "whether one wakes up a Frenchman or German." And he rubs in the incontestable fact that, supposing that in the event of a war the French Socialist refused to draw the sword, the German Socialist would certainly not follow his example. He believes in the most certain fact in European politics—the shade of Bismarck; in a most characteristic phrase he tells us that "le rire sardonique du Teuton a pour dents quatre millions de baïonnettes inexorables." He has a great admiration for Mr. Blatchford, and accepts most of the conclusions of that controversialist's famous pamphlet. He supplements them with some observations of his own relative to the position in the Netherlands. He even allows himself to consider the lamentable hypothesis of the absorption of France by Germany.

The grave defect of this work may be described as its "shrillness." It abounds in "little facts;" a fatal mistake—every cause can produce a sufficiency of such facts. It borders sometimes on the hysterical. M. Adam starts his whole argument from the case of a child, accidentally killed in a collision between the Prussian mob and the Prussian authorities. The same defect is to be found in that historical pamphlet, "Histoire d'un Crime." This is a state of mind that generally gives the advantage of position to the enemy. The German press has lately been congratulating itself, with some show of plausibility, on its even temper and forbearance, thrown into strong relief by the passionate outbursts of its rivals. We will conclude by indicating one of the most whimsical ideas of the book. The Triple Entente, according to M. Adam, is the alliance of the countries once conquered by the Normans of Rollo, Rurik, and William. Our late King, it seems, was a Norman, and his successor is an Anglo-Saxon; whereby the Triple Entente may be put in jeopardy. This makes a rather excessive demand upon the imagination. It is a curious variant of the wolf and the lamb, with abstraction of the former's disinterested motives.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF DURHAM

Memorials of Old Durham. Edited by HENRY R. LEIGHTON, F.R.Hist.S. Illustrated. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

MR. HENRY LEIGHTON deserves many congratulations for the very interesting volume which he has compiled out of a number of instructive and withal attractive monographs bound together by their common connection with the County of Durham. Archæologists in general, and moreover all who take interest in the great bishopric will delve with rejoicing in the rich mine which Mr. Leighton has placed before them, and few will turn from its pages without feeling the desire for still more of the same material.

Conscious of the work of those who had preceded him on the same road, Mr. Leighton made no attempt to write a history, either popular or exhaustive, of the Palatinate. He recognised that the occasion did not call for any such attempt, but, on the other hand, he felt that further information on some of the side-issues of Durham lore, as it were, would not be unwelcome. This of his instinct has been sure. In his preface he states his object as twofold—"to awaken a greater interest in the past of this most historic district, and, secondly, to serve as an introduction to the greater histories of the county." Durham, the county of a Prince-Bishop, differed materially in government, and consequently in history, from the other districts of the British Isles. Thus its history in all its ramifications has a distinctive character, and serves as a tonic to the most jaded historical appetite. The present volume contains the following monographs, together with an historical introduction:—"Topography of Durham," "Folklore of the County of Durham," "The Legends of Durham," "Place-Names in the Durham Dales," "Durham Cathedral," "Finchale Priory," "Monkwearmouth and Jarrow," "The Parish Churches of Durham," "Monumental Inscriptions," "The Castles and Halls of Durham," "Durham Associations of John Wesley," and "The Old Families of Durham." From this list it will be seen how varied is the fare which Mr. Leighton places before his readers.

It will be news to many that the county of Durham in earlier times included detached portions scattered in the surrounding counties. These outlying portions were gradually absorbed, and it is now long since they passed out of the jurisdiction of those with whom the government of the county lay. The power of the Bishop in the Middle Ages was very considerable. He was more than a feudal lord; in fact, one might term him a feudatory prince, and such he really was. He had his own courts of law, his own officers of state, his own assemblies, his own system of finance, his own coinage, and even his own army and fleet. The Bishop had also the power of life and death over his subjects. The writers in this volume confine themselves strictly to their respective subjects. Nevertheless occasionally we get a sidelight of some movement of more general concern. Thus the Rev. Henry Gee, in his historical introduction, in a few short sentences makes his readers feel half the terrors of the Black Death:—

It spread with frightful rapidity, carrying off all orders and conditions of men, for none escaped. Sometimes a whole household perished, and here and there an entire village was obliterated. "No tenants came from West Thickley, because they are all dead," is the steward's entry at one manorial court, or halmote, as the local word is. In the winter that followed there was no sowing, and when the spring came men had not the heart to go to work on the fields, for the plague was renewed with increasing violence, and everything was thrown out of gear. Villeins had run

away from sheer terror; even madness was not unheard of; and whilst there was little to eat, famine and misery stalked unchecked.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Pictorial Key to the Tarot. By A. E. WAITE. With Seventy-eight Plates. (William Rider and Son. 5s. net.)

ABOUT the occult there is no disputing. There is an arbitrariness in the dogma of the mystic before which the layman is powerless to do aught but confess himself of the "outer circle," apart from the elect minority. Happily, however, the *profanum vulgus*, the Smith of Mr. Waite's scorn, may enjoy the "Paradiso" of Dante without seeking authority for his disposition of the planets or the arrangement of his celestial spheres, while it is possible to embrace the more vital portion of the theosophic philosophy apart from certain of its dogmatic tenets. In the same way we are content to class ourselves among those who have received no part of the secret tradition pertaining to the mystic Tarot cards of the early fourteenth century, and to enjoy merely the picturesque and decorative quality of the symbolic interpretation of universal ideas by means of universal types to be found in Mr. Waite's "Pictorial Key to the Tarot." Though the author is careful to insist on his indifference to the history of playing-cards in general and to declare himself concerned with the Tarot merely as an instrument of divination and a keystone to the occult sciences, his book will prove of considerable service to the student of the Middle Ages by reason of its kinship with the literatures of Alchemy and Kabalism and the mysteries of Rosicrucianism and Craft Masonry.

Mr. Waite appears to have spared no pains in compiling a comprehensive synoptic account of the Tarot, and defining its archaeological position. With his symbolic interpretation of the cards themselves, and the divination proper to their various combinations and juxtapositions we are not concerned here, nor is our philosophic calm impaired by the controversy which has raged over the Tarot cards as to their claims in relation to the Mystic Quest in connection with Witchcraft and the Black Magic as a means of obtaining oracles, and lastly, as a medium for the humble fortune-teller. Nevertheless, we welcome Mr. Waite's book as a valuable addition to the literature of cartomancy, and a proof of the existence in our midst of something of the true mediæval spirit. The set of seventy-eight Tarot cards prepared by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, and illustrating the Greater and Lesser Arcana, are for the most part happy in their design and appropriately simple in composition, although the effect is occasionally marred by a certain weakness of drawing. If they do not invariably succeed in conveying the whole of the mystic meaning attributed to them, her task has certainly not been an easy one.

Legends of our Lord and the Holy Family. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

MRS. ARTHUR BELL has made a typical selection from the wonderful and romantic cycle of legends which in the course of many centuries has grown round the simple Gospel story of the Life of Christ. Some are drawn from the Apocryphal Gospels, a good many from French, others from German sources. Interspersed are accounts of various national and local rites and customs, which celebrate the events of certain legends. Although the book is illustrated with some photographs from the great Masters, it does not follow the lines of Mrs. Jameson's work of showing the legends as repre-

sented in Art. The stories are given in their own picturesque setting, very well told, with many charming references to sacred traditions, floral folk-lore, and special cults, with some occasional notes on pictures inspired by the legends. The growth of legend far from the Holy Land is curiously illustrated by the remarkable claim of the Bretons that St. Anna was their fellow-countrywoman. In Brittany "Il n'y a que Ste. Anne" is a favourite saying of the simple peasants, and it is to her shrines that they flock for help and comfort in all their difficulties and sorrows." We can hardly follow Mrs. Bell when she says that the Romance of the Holy Grail "belongs rather to secular than to sacred legend, for it is to a great extent a transformation of ancient Keltic folklore into a Christian allegory. . . ." The same might be alleged of a considerable body of legendary stories. For those who appreciate the old saying, "*φωναυτα συνυποισιν*," the chief value of these often very beautiful legends is their deeply humanistic element. Such readers will delight in Mrs. Bell's admirable collection.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma. Rhyncota. Vol. V.—Heteroptera: Appendix. By W. L. DISTANT. (Taylor and Francis. 10s.)

WE lately noticed the volume in this series—now being published under the authority of the Secretary of State—on the Coleoptera Lamellicornia. This volume, also edited by Dr. Shipley and Mr. Guy Marshall, contains—to use popular language—more beetles, of all sorts and shapes, with their antennæ, and legs, bodies, and other members and portions, in all sizes, dimensions, and attitudes. It is perfectly wonderful that there should be so many grotesque varieties, and it would be most interesting and valuable to know what is the real bed-rock meaning of so many deviations in Nature from, say, a normal type. From the numerous references to Vol. II., this would appear to be a supplementary work, as the author is said to have described a large number of forms which have been collected in various localities in British India since the previous volumes were published. Absolute finality is probably unattainable, but the enumeration of the Indian Rhyncota will, with certain exceptions, be completed in another volume. As to the family Lygidae, there has been some question of nomenclature, as it was suggested by an expert that a family name should be founded on the oldest genus it embraced, and should be changed accordingly. Some confusion has naturally resulted. The question of nomenclature is a thorny one. We were lately informed by a scientist that scientific names are mere names, and that their meaning is not worth investigating. Certainly many of those in this volume are repellent, and obscure to the uninitiated. They do not all appear in the ordinary reference-books. McNicoll and Stormont are out of date. Some new comprehensive work, to explain all scientific terms, is much wanted. The Indian names in this book are, on the whole, quite well reproduced; but certain of them should be Parasnath, Pondicherry, and Rajshahi, as printed in the recent "Imperial Gazetteer," and not as printed in this volume. Dr. Nelson Annandale is evidently making his mark in scientific observation and collection.

The Church and the Empire. Being an Outline of the History of the Church from A.D. 1003 to A.D. 1504. By D. J. MEDLEY, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Glasgow. (Rivingtons. 4s. 6d. net.)

CHRONOLOGICALLY this is the fourth volume in a series of eight brief histories of the Church Universal admirably

edited by that well-known ecclesiastical historian Mr. W. H. Hutton, who has himself contributed two volumes of the seven now published.

Mr. Medley gives a clever survey of the chief problems and struggles which agitated the Church and the States of Europe in the period allotted to him. The eleventh century witnessed the beginnings of the Church's "efforts to prevent her absorption by the State, and to attempt the reduction of the State to a mere department of the Church." Hence arose the great quarrel between the Pope, Gregory VII., and the Emperor, Henry IV., over the question of lay investiture. It is interesting to note here that Mr. Medley does not adopt the usual interpretation of the famous penance of Henry at Canossa. So far from this act being, as Dr. Bryce said in his "Holy Roman Empire," "an irretrievable disgrace on the Crown so abased," it was a clever move by which Henry forced the hand of the Pope.

In tracing the development of "the great movement in favour of Church reform which emanated from Cluny" with the object of freedom for the Church from feudal State control, Mr. Medley deals with one important question which touches present-day relations—the appointment of Bishops. The resultant compromise in several countries made the clerical elections merely nominal, leaving the real power with the State. "It was not the rights of the electors, but the all-pervading authority of the Pope which was to prove the chief rival of royal influence in the local Church;" so a later section speaks of the Papal power in the Church. Other chapters have to do with Guelf and Ghibelline, The Schoolmen and Theology, and the Mendicant Orders. There is an interesting account of the later development of certain doctrines with their antipathetic heresies. Mr. Medley (in his Preface) ironically trusts that, guided by the expert hand of Mr. Hutton, he himself has "not fallen into any recognisable heresy"! But on his own showing the immanence of the spiritual in the material is ever a difficult point for some minds. We recommend this useful book to those who desire a short and instructive study of some of the most important relations between Church and State during a difficult period of mediæval history. The whole series would form fitting companion-volumes, indispensable for reference, to the comprehensive History of the English Church edited by Dean Stephens and Dr. Hunt.

FICTION

Account Rendered. By E. F. BENSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

MRS. WINTHROP, a lady of superabundant energy, which she endeavours to exhaust in dealing with domestic matters in a summary fashion, is the wife of a retired gentleman of about fifty, whose only occupation seems to be playing patience alone in his study. Mrs. Winthrop is also mother of Frank, a subaltern in the Army—a six-foot lovable personage—and of two imps, a boy and girl, for whom a governess is required, as they apparently are beyond parental control. The governess is young, beautiful, and poor. The neighbours are Lady Tenby, who seems overflowing with kindly feelings, and her son Ted, or Lord Tenby, also six foot and a golfer. The last-mentioned is a very amiable personage, and does not use, at least so far as the book records, golfers' bad language.

In the earlier chapters, which are very entertaining, the story deals with swimming-parties and the usual daily amusements of a country house, with bridge to follow; but in the midst of this tranquil existence everything suddenly changes by the governess finding herself heiress to over a million of money, left her by an American bachelor uncle.

Thenceforward the story consists mainly of the doings of Lady Tenby and the governess, and the results of Lady Tenby's lying in order to secure the governess as wife for Ted, and the recoil, or "account rendered," we must leave our readers to learn for themselves. We may mention, however, that there is not the usual traditional ending, but an inferential one. There is some clever dialogue in the book, as one might expect from Mr. Benson, and some of the fairy and other tales evolved by the governess for the benefit of the imps are distinctly clever.

On the whole the character of Lady Tenby is consistent throughout, it being apparent to everybody that her seeming open-heartedness is no more than a blind, and we are not surprised at the development; but Miss Allenby, the governess, does not, after her governess days, when she was really charming, appeal so strongly to us. There is an air of unreality about her which vexes one. It may be the rapid transposition of her fortunes, or it may be the knowledge given to the reader, but not to herself, of the way in which she is being deceived that creates such an impression.

A Russian Judas. By FRED WHISHAW (C. H. White. 6s.)

THE palm for the great novel, previously held by one or other of the nations of Western Europe, has in the last generation most often gone to Russia. Her great names have shown the world a new truth of portraiture, a fresh vividness of narrative, and a greater breadth and dignity of art-form than had been before attained. Moreover, without exception, the material they worked upon has been Russian life and the previously unexplored region of the Russian soul.

The scene of the present novel is laid in Russia. The heroes are Englishmen—two brothers who have been summoned to Russia by an uncle with the prospect of replacing two Russian nephews of his as the joint-heirs to his enormous estate. They come, they conquer the old man's affections, and in due time inherit the property. But the Russian nephews are not content to be ousted, and immediately commence a series of plots against the lives of the two Englishmen. Under assumed names they hire themselves as "lukatchi," or gamekeepers, and in the course of bear-hunts and wolf battues make various attempts to do away with their employers. This gives the author an opportunity to describe the pursuit of game in Russia. The knavish tricks of the disappointed nephews meet with an ill success, the consistency of which is amazing. Clumsier villains—oh, how maddeningly their shots miscarry!—and more lamblike victims it would be difficult to find. Time after time the Englishmen's cartridges are filled with sand; they are peppered, they have bullets whizzing by their ears; they are driven out to pot wolves, and then told that their return is a risk of life and death, that they must probably sacrifice the horses to their ravening pursuers, and still they suspect nothing!

In one or two ingenuous asides the author reveals a point of view towards the peasantry as sweepingly censorious as that of the average district-visitor in England. We wish we could have said that the descriptions of hunting adventures give any sort of fillip to the story, but they do not grip, and the English used is often slipshod.

Friends of Fate. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

It is a suggestive, although perhaps not a remarkable, fact that, while great writers of fiction are as a rule content

to busy themselves with describing quite ordinary people, the journeyman novelist seems to be obsessed by the necessity of portraying genius. In "Friends of Fate" Lucas Cleeve has tried to create the character of an unscrupulous but, of course, great Jewish lawyer, who, by means of backstairs intrigue and modified blackmail, becomes the leading legal light of his age. We do not see in what way he is great in himself, and, although we have watched him at work, we have not discerned any touch of genius in his methods. There are many people in Dartmoor and Portland who are considerably more clever, and also considerably less unsavoury. We need not here enter into the dirty tricks of Raphael Nathan, *alias* Ralph Norton; suffice it to say that he does most things which even the ordinary sensual man has agreed to call abominable, and in the end he is left materially successful, having realised his high-souled ambition to become the friend and confidant of various members of a penny-novette aristocracy. Lucas Cleeve does not possess a very good style, and she has ruined whatever power of writing she may once have possessed by continuous efforts to be clever. Nor has she any gifts for description or dialogue. She has, however, by means of broad margins and large type, managed to make a book of it, and that, after all, is the main thing.

The Shadow on the Purple. By A PEERESS. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

IN a somewhat naïve and unintentionally amusing preface "A Peeress" tells us that these tales are experiences of a relative of hers as Attaché to a British Embassy on the Continent, and that "the facts recorded are in every case true." This statement surprises one a little, not because the facts are extraordinary—from a novelistic point of view—but because they seem to belong so completely, and one might even say so exclusively, to that style of aristocratic sensationalism which the ingenious Messrs. Guy Boothby and William le Queux have made popular. However, in view of the preface, we do not feel entitled to deny that various Princes of the reigning House of Alvania really did embroil themselves in a monotonously vicious manner with fair ladies of inferior birth, then meet violent ends at the pistol point, and lie in State "with their faces artificially whitened to hide the stain of the powder." Of course all the numerous throng did not die thus; one was condemned to death by Nihilists, and two or three may even have reached comparative old age. On the whole, we do not think "A Peeress" need have warned her readers not to inundate her with "correspondence regarding the characters and incidents recorded in these pages." Her book will hardly set the Thames on fire.

Lady Fanny. By MRS. GEORGE NORMAN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

ACCORDING to the publishers—and, indeed, they ought to know—this book is concerned with "the psychology of a married woman of our own time." For our part we should have preferred to describe it as the psychology of a Dresden shepherdess or some pretty artificial trifle of the sort, for though we found Lady Fanny Benning interesting, we also found her wholly unconvincing. After seven years of happy married life this charming creature discovers that her husband is not worthy of her romantic raptures, and decides to try the effects of absence from home and innocent flirtation to bring her husband back to her rather exigent emotional level. She goes abroad and flirts successfully enough, but her husband very sensibly refuses to pay any attention to her epistolary hints. Then the inevitable happens, and she

meets the young man whom she ought to have married; but her defiance of convention does not extend beyond innocent flirtation, and she makes the great renunciation and goes home with a mysteriously penitent husband. The young man, who is not much more than a Dresden shepherd, says "It is best!" so we may regard this as a happy ending. The author's grammar is not always above reproach, and Stevenson's name should not be spelt like that of the inventor of the steam engine. Lady Fanny would have known this, for we are told that he was a great crony of hers.

Wilson's. By DESMOND COKE. (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.)

THE mantle of the late Talbot Baines Reed, master in the art of school story writing, seems to have fallen on Mr. Desmond Coke, for "Wilson's" is as good a yarn of school-boy hopes, comedies, tragedies, and fears as we have read for a long time. Wilson's is the slack house of the school—do we not remember "The Master of the Shell"?—and Dick Hunter is forced by circumstances to the unsavoury task of reforming it. He makes enemies among the "slackers," for all the manly sports were to them "rot;" but in due time he has his reward. The descriptions of the "Bumps"—the boat-race—of a critical match between the newly-formed and somewhat flabby cricket eleven and a junior house, and the general portrayal of school life at Sherborough, are vivid and exciting, and appeal to the grown-up reader most strongly. In fact, a great part of the pleasure we have obtained through this clever story comes from the author's realisation that most sensible people are young at heart. He has written, as he states in his neat note "By Way of Explanation," for the lucky ones "who, by steadfastly refusing to grow old," have managed to remain children; he succeeds, therefore, in interesting all.

THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

By FRANK HARRIS

THE title of these papers usually implied a considerable intimacy with the person written about. I therefore hasten to say that in this instance I can make no claim to any such privilege. I had two or three conversations—I might almost call them "interviews"—with the late Duke when he was Lord Hartington. These talks seem to me memorable for various reasons, and I desire to report them with all fidelity, while expressly excluding any pretension to friendship, or even to more prolonged personal acquaintance. Moreover, I have no notes of these talks, which matters the less as a vivid memory of them has been sharpened by the fact that I have used the knowledge acquired from them again and again in the intervening years.

A statue to the late Duke, who died in 1908 in his seventy-fifth year, has just been erected in Horse Guards Avenue. It was unveiled on February 14th by Lord Lansdowne, who, according to custom, made a speech about the man, whom he must have known intimately for many years.

Such customary tributes are almost always taken as conventions in convention-ridden England; every word of praise is discounted, every hinted shortcoming exaggerated, and yet the effect is a high-coloured oleograph of an angel rather than a photograph of a man.

Nor will I pretend to give a true portrait of the late Duke; I should not be allowed to, had I the intimate knowledge necessary to establish a fine spiritual balance between virtues and vices, and so reconstitute the individual soul with its tangled web of good and evil; but something I can

do to make a legendary figure clearer to men, and this ought to be done, it seems to me, in the public interest.

The first talk I had with Lord Hartington, as he then was, was in Monte Carlo one night after the Casino had closed and the crowd dispersed. It was a year, I think, after Lord Randolph Churchill's untimely resignation. Men were still at variance as to his leadership of the House of Commons—some praising it, and others dispraising, while the great majority were completely indifferent. I was eager to find someone who would agree with me that Lord Randolph's leadership was a miracle of tact and courtliness inspired by an almost uncanny knowledge of men of the House of Commons variety. As the chance offered itself to me, I put the question to Lord Hartington.

I had already a high opinion of his judgment and his curious impartiality. I had been in the House of Commons three or four nights a week from 1883 to 1885. Lord Hartington usually sat with his hat tilted forward over his face in an attitude that implied sleepy indifference to what was going on. But I had reason again and again to remark that his indifference was of manner alone, that he was an extraordinarily interested, careful, and acute observer. One instance occurs to me. Mr. Sexton at that time was commonly spoken of as the best orator in the Irish Party, and if oratory were limited to an exquisitely modulated delivery of platitudes and commonplaces, Mr. Sexton deserved his reputation. Lord Hartington, I noticed, often sauntered out of the House when it was crowded and members were excited by Mr. Sexton's elocution. But whenever Parnell spoke, hammering out realities in broken phrases, Lord Hartington was there listening; he listened, too, to Tim Healy and Mr. Redmond. One could judge the value of men very closely by Lord Hartington's attitude towards them. More than once I noticed that he could endure bores gladly so long as they were earnest, fanatical bores; but fluent windbags found no favour in his sight. I came to see that his judgment was peculiarly English; that he was in some sort the embodied conscience of the House of Commons.

Holding this high opinion of Lord Hartington, I was, of course, excessively eager to get his judgment of Lord Randolph Churchill, for by it I might be able to correct, or at least confirm my estimate both of Lord Randolph and of Lord Hartington.

At first Lord Hartington put me off with courtesy that evidently cost him an effort; I could see he wished me and my probing questions to the devil. I ventured to remind him that it was a duty which intelligence owed to itself to provide the ingenious with correct estimates.

He answered to the obligation at once:—

"I'm willing to give my opinion," he said, "but it's difficult to answer a general question. Can you define more nearly what you want to know?"

His disinclination to reply to me, which at first I took for personal dislike, was rather a sort of mental inertia or lazy reluctance to make the effort necessary to find exact and adequate expression for his thoughts.

"I should like to know," I said, "what you think of Lord Randolph's leadership of the House of Commons in comparison, with the leading, say, of Disraeli or Gladstone?"

With wrinkled brow and a sort of ill-tempered obstinacy he set himself to the task of turning his feelings into words; again and again he corrected himself meticulously, evidently determined to say neither more nor less than just what he felt.

"Disraeli," he began, "came to the House of Commons from the outside" (his look questioned me: "D'ye know what I mean?") I thought I knew, but I wanted him to explain, so I replied with arched eyebrows and a puzzled look). "I mean he was not English exactly, and had not

been at the 'Varsity, and all that" (I nodded); "and he never learned much about the House. To the very end he kept running his head against walls—walls often of prejudice; but sometimes walls which I hope won't be overthrown for many a year to come. But as soon as he found he was against a wall he altered his course, and the House used to forgive him because of the quickness with which he tacked round and the dexterity with which he found good reasons both to explain and to justify his change of front.

"Some men," he went on, after a pause, "thought him insincere because of the ease with which he chopped and changed; but he was sincere enough, I thought; if you granted his unvarying premise that he was the best man in England to be Prime Minister;" and the heavy face seemed to lighten from within.

"Gladstone, on the other hand, was English all through, a Public School boy who had won honours at Oxford: he knew a good deal about the House of Commons—a hundred times more than Disraeli ever knew; but he was never what I should call a House of Commons man. He was too emotional, too—" (high-falutin' was the word he wanted; but I would not supply it) "too—you know what I mean. . . .

"Gladstone was imposed on the House of Commons by the country. English Liberals throughout the country wanted him at the head of affairs and no one else, and they got their way.

"When Gladstone ran his head against some House of Commons wall, he did not do it out of ignorance but of malice prepense, and he usually persisted in butting the wall till he knocked some sort of hole in it which served him as a way out or in, as the case might be. . . .

"You can call his self-will principle if you like, though sometimes the principle was difficult to see unless you began by admitting his major premise, which wasn't very different from Disraeli's except that he thought Gladstone was the only man in the world who had any business to be Prime Minister of England."

"Randolph Churchill, on the other hand, knew the House of Commons better than the House of Commons knew itself. He led it with genius as it has never been led in my time. Such a Leader does not come once in a century. Every hour he was in the House strengthened his hold upon it, his control of it. If he had only waited a little while, his unique power would have been acknowledged by every one, and he would have been master of England; but—" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a pity, isn't it," I said, "that the House takes such a long time to recognise genius?"

But he would not have the House blamed.

"Genius," he said, "being singular, should expect to have to wait for general recognition. It's a pity, if you like, that Randolph's powers are not being used, but it's mainly his own fault, and this he'd admit himself, I think, if questioned."

"In fact," I replied, "he was 'a young man in a hurry,' to use his own words against him."

The remark was too obvious. Lord Hartington nodded with indifference and turned away.

This impartial judging of three such men as Disraeli, Gladstone, and Randolph Churchill implies, in my opinion, extraordinary insight, backed by an even more extraordinary fairness of mind.

Lord Hartington is often spoken of as a typical Englishman. He was that in fairness and firmness, in practicality and reticence, and half a dozen other qualities; but he was very much more. On a memorable occasion he took the side of genius against power, against his own self-interest, too, and that is not an English trait—not a characteristic, indeed, of any nation. It is a generosity which goes with greatness and with greatness alone. The

incident is rare enough to be worth mention. Some will remember that Lord Randolph's resignation put Lord Salisbury in a quandary. He had accepted, perhaps, indeed, forced on, the conflict with his imperious lieutenant; yet the sudden resignation found him unprepared. Who could be put in Randolph's place as Leader of the Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer? He naturally turned to Lord Hartington, as the leader of the Liberal-Unionists. He did not know that Randolph had already asked Lord Hartington whether in such a case he would take office under Lord Salisbury, and Lord Hartington had answered that so far as he could see at the moment it would be better that he should refuse. Lord Salisbury put the question to Lord Hartington, who was abroad at the time, and Lord Hartington declined the offer. In his extremity Lord Salisbury then got the father of Lord Hartington to recall him to England, and put a leader in the *Times* declaring his willingness to serve under Lord Hartington. This changed the position.

As soon as Lord Hartington reached London, Randolph Churchill met him, I think, at the station, and asked him whether Lord Salisbury's new offer had altered or would alter his resolution.

Lord Hartington began by admitting that he had not considered such a probability when he said he thought it best for the Liberal-Unionists not to take office with the Conservatives; but added that his own position did not seem to him to alter the question at all. "I think," he concluded, "you are the best Leader of the House of Commons, and I should not like to put any obstacle in the way of your return to power."

Randolph came away satisfied that neither argument nor entreaty would move Lord Hartington from his position of self-effacement, and the event showed that he was right. Every sort of pressure was brought to bear on Lord Hartington, but nothing would move him—Randolph was the best man for the post, he thought, and he would not be a party to keeping him out of it.

One more reminiscence. I was in the House one night, after the Liberal-Unionist split, when Lord Hartington attributed a certain statement to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone shook his head energetically, and was understood to deny having used any such words. Lord Hartington attempted to define the words more precisely, but Mr. Gladstone persisted in his denial. Then Lord Hartington declared that he would be very loth to insist on an assertion which his right hon. friend denied, and he continued his speech. After he had finished speaking he came through the lobby and I met him and gave him the exact reference. He thanked me and went to the library to verify the very words. But, a little to my astonishment, he never referred to the matter again in public. Some months afterwards I met him and asked him how it happened that he had not gone on with the matter.

"I gave Mr. Gladstone," he said, "the words; but he had some explanation of them. I did not think it sufficient, but it was painful for me to dispute on such a matter with one who had been my leader, and I preferred to let the matter drop"—preferred, that is, to seem to have been in the wrong himself rather than convict Mr. Gladstone of inaccuracy.

"The embodied conscience of the House of Commons" I have called Lord Hartington; but the praise is insufficient. Why is it, I ask myself, that even I seem inclined rather to under-estimate Lord Hartington? Partly, of course, the reason is that Lord Hartington's qualities did not touch the emotions or catch the eye; they were not brilliant; they were, indeed, rather of character than of intellect; though, if I am not mistaken, his intelligence was very great. But he neither conquered nor conciliated you; he lived apart in a sort of proud isolation; his manners were unsociable; his power of speech paltry; his elocution stiff and halting.

Still, with all his shortcomings as a speaker and artist, and all his faults as a man, I regard him as second in original genius to Lord Randolph Churchill alone of the statesmen of the last thirty years, and far above all of them in disinterestedness and magnanimity.

More than any other man he proved to me by his deeds and being that Burke's noble eulogy of the race was not all imaginary. Burke spoke of "the ancient and inbred integrity and piety of the English people." Lord Hartington was the only Englishman I have ever met who deserved this extraordinary panegyric. There was in him "an inbred integrity and piety" which were very remarkable. It is for others to explain how his inferiors, both in intellect and character, were always preferred before him.

THE THEATRE

"LOAVES AND FISHES" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

"Ah! pour estre dévot, je n'en suis pas moins homme," said Tartuffe truly enough. But Mr. Somerset Maugham applies this truism to his Canon Spratte, who is neither devout nor bears the least resemblance whatever to any living or dead man. With something of that rather impish cleverness for which Mr. Maugham is famous, he has called his new play, "Loaves and Fishes," a satire. He did so with the obvious hope of throwing dust into the eyes of critics and playgoers. If he had labelled his play a farce, people would have been somewhat irritated, because nothing happens—no one sits on his hat, or falls through a conservatory, or performs any of the time-honoured and apparently irresistible English farcical tricks. To call the play farce would have laid Mr. Maugham open to the mild reproaches of his admirers, who regard him as the first writer of comedy of the day. To have called it a farce would have been just as inaccurate as it is to call it a satire. It is neither one nor the other. It is nothing more nor less than an extremely bitter and cruel caricature. From the Hon. and Rev. Canon Theodore Spratte downwards, all the characters in Mr. Maugham's play are drawn with the pencil of Mr. Max Beerbohm, and they are finished with the thin pen of Mr. Syme, which is always dipped in vitriol. So wildly are these characters treated, so distorted are they, that not one of them after the first ten minutes of the play has any interest for the audience. We laugh at their initial appearance, grow extremely irritated long before the fall of the first curtain, and remain to see the remainder of the play without any further curiosity than that which arises from a desire to see how the audience will take it.

We at once absolved Mr. Somerset Maugham from the charge of holding the Church up to ridicule. His Canon Spratte wears no more resemblance to a vicar than to a minister of Nonconformity. He is nothing less than a rather tiresome burlesque of Machiavelli, dressed in the orthodox costume of a clergyman. His brother, curiously called Earl Spratte, is just as unlikable. We are asked to suppose that this person is a satirical character-study of one of the back-woodsmen of whom we hear so much. He is, however, much more like the drawing of a third-rate comic artist than a pen-picture by Mr. E. T. Reed, of *Punch*, which it was apparently the intention of Mr. Maugham to make him. And, as a matter of fact, this third-rate comicality was the note of all the other characters: the young curate; the wooden Lord Wroxham, dressed like a tailor's dummy—a city tailor's dummy; the tailor who advertises in the Tube; the long-haired, red-tied Socialist with the movable cuffs; the Lady Sophia Spratte; the brain-

less and dishonourable Winifred Spratte; the giggling and suburban Gwendoline Durant; the Peckham Mrs. Railing, and the Suffragist Louise Railing—all are painted with the same heavy brush, with the same glaring paint. The very names of the characters suggest the third-rate comic artist, and the wonder is that Mr. Maugham, with a new laziness which is to be deplored, did not go one step lower and call his characters by even more obvious names in order to save himself the trouble of making their natures apparent. After all, Theodore Spratte is little less jejune than Theodore Cunning or Theodore Self. Railing is only a little less obvious than Tub-Thumper, and Wroxham than Woodhead.

So far as the dialogue goes the play contains several witty lines, but these are as water in the desert. For the most part it is of the easy, obvious type—the sort of dialogue which we are accustomed to find in the Christmas skits of the weekly papers—mere journalistic dialogue. In short, the play as a satire does not exist. It has none of the accumulating tragedy of farce, nothing of the humanity of comedy, and as a burlesque it is very feeble and rather distasteful. In sitting the play out we told ourselves, by way of making some excuse for Mr. Maugham, that "Loaves and Fishes" must be one of his very early plays rescued from the wastepaper basket. Since the first night we find that it is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of one of his youthful books called the "Bishop's Apron." From the way in which the play was received it is all too plain that Mr. Maugham is mistaken in his belief that he has acquired so strong a hold on the play-going public as to be able to palm off upon them anything that comes to his hand. We are of opinion that had this play borne the name of any author who had not succeeded in being produced before, it would never have been "presented" by Mr. Charles Frohman or any other manager. It bears all the evidences of immature work. In construction as well as in dialogue it is juvenile. It might easily have been written by an undergraduate on the staff of the "Isis" who had made a somewhat cursory study of the plays of the early eighteenth century. The only word that can be applied to it is amateurish, the worst of all words. We would therefore venture to offer Mr. Somerset Maugham, much of whose work we greatly admire, and to whom we look for entertainment and excellence, a piece of fatherly advice. Let him put aside his busy pen for twelve months. Let him study more closely the manners, customs, and aims of the men and women of to-day, and, above all, let him apply to his own work a keener sense of criticism.

It might be well, too, if he were to spend more time in front of the stage, so that he might discover first-hand what is the intellectual worth of the people who go to the theatre. He would then come to the conclusion that to be successful as a playwright it is necessary to provide audiences with plays in which there is less cynicism and more vraisemblance, less journalism and more humanity. If "Loaves and Fishes" achieves any measure of success at all, and this we doubt, it will be due to the admirable acting. Mr. Robert Loraine, certainly the most versatile and sincere of our young actors, made something of a *tour de force* as Canon Spratte. He played the part with a sense of humour which would have made his character a masterpiece had it been drawn less obviously and with some sort of likeness to life. Mr. C. M. Lowne, another admirable actor, certainly managed to bring the whiff of the stables across the footlights, although we could see no reason for his wearing a tuft of hair, Disraeli-like, on his chin. Miss Frances Ivor had very little to do as Lady Sophia Spratte, but her facial expression made up for her lack of lines. We found Miss Nina Sevensing a little petulant and colourless, and Miss Viva Birkett a little too toothful. But Miss Mary Barton was altogether excellent as the Board-school educated type of Suffragist, full of the conventional shibboleths of her kind. Mr. Thomas Holding

was well cast as Bertram Railing. His hair, his melodramatic intensity, his accent, and his tie were the real things. And Miss Florence Haydon saved the Third Act by her finished performance of the elderly Peckham woman. Her smile upon the mention of the word "gin" was a thing of joy. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was a little disappointing as Mrs. Fitzgerald. Her character was the one natural person on the stage, but Miss Jeffreys was glassy. She made too many eyes and laughed all too loudly. For all that, she looked extremely charming and well groomed. We should have preferred to see Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the part. Her sense of comedy would have made it a very pleasant thing, and it would have been a great relief after the long round of erotic and emotional characters to which Miss Irene Vanbrugh has been doomed in recent years—characters which are in absolute antagonism to this charming actress's personality and methods.

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

In this Mr. Lewis Waller makes a welcome return to the London stage. It is true that Mr. Waller has not been altogether absent from London. We had the inestimable pleasure of seeing him in the Forum Scene of "Julius Cæsar" a week or two ago, and his performance of Mark Antony was so full of dignity, beauty, eloquence, and imagination that to find him once more as the stereotyped Bravo in the conventional machine-made romantic comedy is disappointing. That he acquits himself with great gallantry, immense aplomb, and extraordinary sincerity goes without saying. There is no actor on the London stage who is so picturesque as Mr. Lewis Waller, or who can make the hyperbole and sky-bosh of romantic drama pass muster so well. In "Bardelys the Magnificent" Mr. Waller finds the part too much after his own heart. It would be better for him, and in the long run for his audience, if he liked these parts less and were to be plucky enough to break away from them and devote himself to those worthier of him. For all that, we found "Bardelys" a little less foolish than its many predecessors of the same school. The play has colour and something of the romance of Dumas—something, but not much. The picturesque note was struck at once on the rise of the curtain in the first Act. The magnificence of Bardelys was obvious from the bachelor splendour of his Paris hotel, where a collection of bravos and dandies were making free with his wine and telling us much about Bardelys which we had already taken for granted. The entrance of Marcel de St. Pol, Marquis de Bardelys, was timed with all the exactitude of this type of piece. He did not come up through a trap-door and say, "Here I am again," but he entered just at the moment when all his over-lively guests had sprung to their feet to toast him.

The great weakness of the play lay in the fact that the whole of its action depended upon a very foolish and unconvincing wager made between Philippe, Comte de Castelroux, and Bardelys as to the wooing of a beautiful but unsophisticated young woman, Roxalaune de Lavedan, who lived in her father's house in a town some distance from Paris in the department of Languedoc. As in all these plays, Castelroux, the villain, is a far greater fool than Bardelys, the hero, and there is nothing whatever throughout the play to prevent the hero from outwitting the villain at every turn except a well-timed sword-thrust and a bullet-wound in one of those vital parts which seem to make heroes far more lively than ever. In all the similar productions under which we have recently suffered—"Princess Clementina," "Beau Brocade," and "Mr. Jarvis"—the authors have not known how to draw a

villain who should give even a momentary thrill of excitement. Everything comes so easy to the heroes of these plays that we feel that it is hardly necessary to waste a whole evening in order to wait for a *dénouement* which is obvious from the first. In "Bardelys the Magnificent" Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Rafael Sabatini have done a little better than the writers—they cannot be called dramatists—of the plays just mentioned.

They perform their task too with a greater air, a wider swing, with more pomp and circumstance. They do not suffer from that cramping self-consciousness which brings about the fear of ridicule. They put into the mouths of their puppets long sentences of amazing hyperbole, far-fetched simile, and glowing words of love and passion, hatred, and contempt, and thus they manage to give a rather pleasant suggestion of robustness to their play which, but for its fundamental absurdity and weakness, would have been worth seeing. Then, too, they have been at some pains to provide a touch of comedy in the character of the heroine's mother. This character, in the inimitable hands of Miss Lottie Venne, whose walk, laugh, and facial expression would wring laughter from a sphinx, saves the piece from its monotonous pomposity. We have already said that Mr. Lewis Waller acts too well. We wish that we could say that the members of his company acted well enough. Apart from Miss Lottie Venne, who is a genuine artist in everything that she does, the rest are very feeble. We do not believe that the production of this play will repay Mr. Lewis Waller the money he has spent upon it.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Herr Schnitzler wrote a short series of one-act plays called "The Adventures of Anatol," and Mr. Granville Barker translated them into English, and has been playing them at the Palace Theatre. Anatol is supposed to be a very *blasé* and immoral young German, who falls in love with a different girl once a week. In the original these adventures possessed something of the epigrammatic cynicism of Oscar Wilde, and Herr Schnitzler drew in them the portrait of a typical German "blood." Mr. Barker's translation retains nearly all the excellence of the original, and the Palace Theatre has provided him with admirable and appropriate scenery. He has been assisted in their interpretation by Mr. Nigel Playfair, Miss Gertrude Robins, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and other very able actors and actresses, and there is little doubt that these sketches would have provided some amusement had Mr. Granville Barker not himself appeared as the amorous Anatol. Mr. Barker is as unlike the typical young German as it is possible to conceive any man being. He dresses and makes up for the part as though he were representing one of the members of the Young Men's Christian Association on a fortnight's holiday at Clacton-on-Sea. He is utterly unforeign in manner and appearance, and he plays Anatol with a smirk of self-consciousness which robs the part of all its meaning. We picture Anatol a rather fat, fair-haired, voluble person, with the proud marks of several duels upon his cheeks, dressed in the "Higlif" clothes of the fashionable German tailor with a branch in Paris and a collection of designs of an English tailor's artist. We picture him a man who inhales cigarette-smoke and exudes scent. But at the Palace Theatre we find him a person with a hard, dry voice, uncontrollable hair, dressed in clothes which look as if they had come off the peg.

Mr. Barker could not be *blasé* if he tried, and he appears to be merely a demagogue on the spree, a vegetarian dallying with a butcher, a propagandist posing as a novelist. In

a word, Mr. Granville Barker was unsuited to the part. Mr. Nigel Playfair, on the other hand, was quite admirable as the Machiavellian tubby little man, quite capable of accounting for an unlimited number of Bocks without losing anything of his *joie de vivre*. The audience at the Palace Theatre have been puzzled, but unamused. The experiment was, however, quite worth making.

MUSIC

THE music made in the London concert-rooms last week was pleasant enough, but had no striking features. From the Société des Concerts Français one has come to expect a good deal. Their performers are so excellent, and the music they present, if not necessarily novel, is generally well worth hearing. But their concert last Wednesday was not one of their best. It consisted entirely of compositions by the veteran M. Saint-Saëns and of songs—fifteen of these—and some violin pieces by M. Ernest Moret. Now M. Saint-Saëns is a man for whom we in England have had a great respect for a long time. Before even the "modern French school" was heard of he stood as the representative of French musical culture, in strong contrast to Gounod, whose religious music, then widely popular over here, was felt by the judicious to be by no means elevating in style, even if it was not absolutely pernicious in its example. Saint-Saëns was known to be a man of immense learning, of extraordinary activity, brilliant in musical scholarship, endowed with fine taste, thoroughly French in his lucidity of style, and sometimes the composer of works not only attractive but having serious value. But like many another very prolific author, Saint-Saëns has written a good deal of music which, attractive as it may be because of its workmanship, says nothing very much. The Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin and the Pianoforte Trio (composed nearly fifty years ago) are pleasant enough in their way, undeniably clever, not without an agreeable sense of melody, and a power of building up noisy and effective climaxes; but if we did not know them to be by M. Saint-Saëns, should we be inclined to pay much attention to them? His Toccata for Pianoforte is a good piece of music—quite a good piece—and one that would generally be welcome in a recital programme; but all the skill of that admirable pianist, M. Yves Nat, could not disguise the poverty of "Cloches du Soir," or the tinsel of the difficult study "In The Form of a Valse." M. Nat is a player of the first class, and it was a disappointment to hear him in music so little worthy of his gifts. M. Maugeot, the violinist, is also a fine artist. The songs of M. Moret are so good up to a certain point that one rather impatiently wished they were better. In construction, in workmanship they have much that is interesting, and they were admirably sung by clever Mme. Blanche Marchesi, but we listened in vain for one that glowed with the divine spark.

The Classical Concert Society has played Beethoven's "Grosse Fage" for string quartett, and played it twice over for the benefit of the perplexed. It is a work of which we must all speak with respect, of course, but as for any pleasure to be derived from hearing it, most people, we fear, would think it a gift from that Pleasure of whom Baudelaire wrote so bitterly—"Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci." Brahms' clarinet quintett, on the other hand, is one of those lovely things that everyone, surely, can appreciate. Happy are those organisers of concerts who depend mainly for their audience on their subscribers. They need not rack their brains to think what will "draw," what will be popular. They know what their patrons want to hear. Like the Classical Society, Messrs. Broadwood cater for an audience

that likes what is good, what is refined, to be performed for them by artists of finished accomplishment. No wonder was it that there was hardly a vacant seat at the Broadwood Concert, for Miss Maggie Teyte was to sing a number of songs, and for "finish" and "charm," combined with undoubted musicianship, you would have to go a long way to find a singer more entirely pleasant to hear than Miss Teyte. Yet have we a little scolding for her and for Messrs. Broadwood. For such an artist all the songs were not quite worthy, were they? But she must never appear without her Méhal and her Monsigny, for she is enchanting in them, and, after hearing her in "Du bist die Ruh," we are eager to hear her again in Schubert. Dupere's fine "Le Manoir de Rogamunde" was very welcome, and, of course, Miss Teyte may sing as much Debussy as she will, for she can sing the much-attempted songs of that much-tried composer.

Mr. Percy Grainger, who shared the Broadwood programme with Miss Teyte, has many admirers, and it is impossible indeed not to admire a great deal that he does; but he is terribly unequal. Now he plays with perfect propriety and a singing tone (as in some Schumann and Brahms and Grieg), and now (as in some Chopin) he indulges in changes of time that we could almost call wicked, in a sentiment that suggests not honey but treacle, and not seldom in a vociferous clamour. We must, however, give him great praise for the concluding pages of Chopin's "Barcarolle." Would that all pianists realised, as Mr. Grainger does, that Chopin never meant the music that he wrote to be played with a deafening din and at railroad speed. Mr. Grainger's piety towards his friend Grieg no doubt led him to bring forward several pleasant but unimportant pieces by the amiable Norwegian. "Little footsteps lightly print the ground" in Music's domain as well as in the neighbourhood of the nursery, and we like to hear them sometimes, so we do not blame Mr. Grainger for bringing these innocents forwards. But some of the "little footsteps" were very little indeed, and while we could admire the enthusiasm with which the annotator of the Book of Words had written about them, we could not but question the justice of his judgments.

Mr. Lengyel, a youthful pianist, who was rightly acclaimed a few years ago as a prince among prodigies, has reappeared at Bechstein Hall, and proved that as a powerful executant he is likely to obtain high rank. He can already toss his chords about with the strength and ease of a leviathan at play, and though he did not always hit the right notes, such a peccadillo could be pardoned on account of the great spirit with which everything was attacked and all the redoubts were stormed. Experience will teach Mr. Lengyel not to take certain variations in Schumann's *Études Symphoniques* too fast, nor to indulge in *ritardandi*, which, without wishing to give offence, we can only call stupid. And he will learn, as he grows older, how to keep details in their right place, so that the whole may be harmonious. A technical point about his playing which should be noticed is that he is not sufficiently careful to make his crescendos equally with both hands.

Mr. Plunket Greene finished his course of lectures on the interpretation of song and the composition of recital programmes by singing a model programme, which he explained very carefully. His principles are of the soundest, and if he could be induced to publish a pamphlet on the subject of the making of programmes, we believe it would be found valuable and useful to a great many distracted artists.

The "Strings Club," another of the organisations which secure an audience by means of a subscription-list, has again given one of its pleasant concerts, with the aid of such experienced players of chamber-music as Messrs. Alfred Gibson, Reeves, Hobday and Whitehouse, who were, of course, quite competent in Beethoven and Brahms. The quartett in

B flat of Brahms, once so popular that it became almost "hackneyed," is an honest, homely work, and vigorous withal, but were it introduced in these days as a novelty it would hardly arouse the enthusiasm with which it used to be greeted. The Concert-goers' Club have given a first performance in London of a Pianoforte Trio by Komygold, the Viennese boy (he is only thirteen), who is said to possess undoubted genius. It will be wise to hear more of his music before deciding if the verdict of Vienna is justified.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERIES

LOVERS of water-colour painting have had exceptional opportunities within a few weeks of studying its development during the last century. Representative exhibitions such as that at the Leicester Galleries, which has only been closed recently, and that now open at Messrs. Agnew's are full of interest for those who are glad of an opportunity of studying not only the true greatness of giants such as Turner, Cox, and De Wint, but the various methods of the lesser men—Leitch, Prout, Birket Foster. The work of these and many other artists, although of little artistic value, is of very great interest when dropped into its own niche as illustrative of the phases through which water-colour painting has passed. The collection at Messrs. Agnew's is not the less interesting because the various works of each master represented are by no means of equal beauty or worth. Those pictures described as "not of his best period" have a special significance for the painter, if not perhaps for most laymen. Such pictures, for instance, as David Cox's "Ancient Carthage" only enable us the better to appreciate the grandeur of such work as "Across the Common: Market Day" by the same artist. Turner's work can happily be studied best in our own public galleries, but the screen here devoted to eight or nine of his pictures illustrates in a very interesting way the development of the genius which produced at one period the "Old Abbey, Evesham," and ultimately "Dunstanborough Castle" and "Geneva." Another Turner—by no means one of the great ones—hangs on the south wall of the Gallery near Copley Fielding's "Summer Evening in the Highlands." Copley Fielding's work is widely represented here, but little beyond technical ability is disclosed. Two or three men are represented by single pictures, of which Weissenbruch's "Grey Afternoon" and "The Abbey, Middelburg," by J. Bosboom, may be mentioned. We would also call attention to one of the finest of De Wint's water-colour sketches—"A Lincolnshire Farm."

ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY

FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO 1700.—I.

FOR the beginnings of drama we must look to the very morning of mankind. So soon as man first learned to love the narrative told of the day's hunting around the camp fire, we find the beginnings of primitive drama, for we observe to this day that an ordinary unemotional man, stirred up by the relation of a personal adventure, will rise from his seat and indulge in varied and illuminative gesture, such as would be foreign and repugnant to his usual nature, in illustration of the more vigorous passages of his tale. The most successful of these narratives—those most graphically told and best illustrated by appropriate gesture—were naturally demanded again and again; and when some maladroit spear-thrust or tusk of boar or bison removed the

original narrator some one of his friends took up the oft-told tale and embellished it with wonders of his own invention.

Thus was the primitive drama already established, for this man represented a part—in short, pretended. The instinct for pretence and the love of it is innate in mankind; this protagonist of a great art was his own leading actor, and had for sole stage the clear space allowed him by the admiring circle of his friends. From such beginnings sprang at once lyric poetry, epic poetry, history, and the drama.

If man had never felt the impulse of vanity, he might yet have remained practically at a brutish level; the desire to make some record of his own fine deeds led at once to the rude paintings which he executed with such primitive tools as came to hand upon the walls of the cavern that formed his sleeping-place; and to the whole cycle of poetic legends, weird songs and perhaps beautiful, yet necessarily uncouth beginnings of literature which, being preserved only by oral tradition, have faded with him into the shadowy remoteness of the infinitely long ago. We can only conjecture of these things; and our first recorded drama, apart from the dramatic elements in religion, the observances and ceremonies performed by the priests in the temples, belongs to a comparatively late age, and is found in the records of a people already well advanced in civilisation.

The great empires of the Euphrates, Assyria and Babylonia rose, flamed, and fell; the sleepy-seeming, wonderfully gorgeous splendours of the Hindustani princedom ascended to their tropical noon; the Eastern tyrant had his singing and dancing girls. We find no record of a written drama; but when Greece, glory of the early world, awoke into sentience, then from vague beginnings emerged a definite dramatic performance.

No one appears competent to deny the claims of Thespis to be hailed as a pioneer. He it was who first took upon himself to enact the part of a hero or a god, to speak to the chorus and to order the rhythmic fashion of their answers. An antic rout they were, these rude progenitors of the drama, as, their faces besmeared with wine-lees, they went the round of the villages in a wagon and varied the dance and song of the Dionysian revelry with their one-man tragedies. From the first stage to the second in the inception of an art is often a mighty step. The blind gropings of Thespis towards a new art-form were succeeded almost in his lifetime by the magnificently open-eyed achievements of Æschylus, moving at ease in this form, and already daring to introduce more innovations. To him belongs the honour of introducing a second actor, whereby he transformed what had formerly been a lyric monologue, interrupted by choric odes, into a real dramatic dialogue.

Sophocles, contemporary with him as Jonson with Shakespeare, but unhappily without the same degree of mutual friendliness, introduced a third actor; both of them made various minor improvements, and left the stately and perfected Greek drama for the hand of Euripides to cherish and mould yet further into beauty. There is no law in any art which obliges inevitable progress, and by just so much as Euripides was a modernist and felt the strict bonds prescribed for him irksome did he fail to carry forward an art-form which, within the limits unalterably imposed on it by the severe canons of Greek tragedy, had already attained perfection. These two giants make, as it were, the Elizabethan age of Greek drama: after them there are no more great plays written in Greece.

To a reader compelled to judge between these masters by English versions alone it is extremely difficult to form a just impression of their respective excellences, and a profound debt of gratitude is due to Professor Gilbert Murray, whose Euripides sings in living verse.

He has, however, placed us in an unfortunate dilemma.

Reading his free and lyric transmutation with Æschylus and Sophocles in the frigid and stilted versions that are obtainable, we are in some danger of thinking Euripides to be the greatest poet of the three. As a solution of the problem we can only beg Professor Murray to hasten and give us equally lovely renderings of the two elder poets, lest our judgment be perverted. We may see, however, taking, for example, the versions made by the three poets of the same story of Electra, the main divergences between the three.

It must be remembered that the Greek tragedy never concerned itself with invented stories, but retold the old tales of the gods and heroes. Consequently, the audience were perfectly familiar beforehand with every possible incident. We may compare them to a person of our day who goes for the first time to see a Shakespearean play acted. To its last days the Greek drama retained many of the old characteristics of a religious sacrifice, and the theatre was purified before every performance as if for a libation in the temple.

In Æschylus' version of the terrible and bloody story the mortals are no less superhuman than the immortals; the unalterable decrees of destiny pursue each character to his inevitably appointed end; and the gods walk the stage, glorified beings, merciful and wonderful, incapable of evil. The change from Æschylus to Sophocles is the change from the glorious unearthly splendour of the dawn to the placid beauty of the morning. With the widening of the Greek horizon by sea-voyages and increasing international commerce came the widening and humanising of their drama. The characters of Æschylus are demi-gods; those of Sophocles, elevated, full of dignity, are yet human beings.

Sophocles introduces a softening element. Instead of the too poignant figure of Cassandra, utterly forlorn in a stranger land, and tormented by a foreknowledge in which none of the victims she piteously endeavours to warn will place any credence, he gives us the earthly beautiful Chrysothemis, poor-spirited yet rather appealing foil to the hate-maddened figure of Electra.

Euripides, "our Euripides the human," in bringing the characters yet nearer to us, loses for ever that marvellous sense of remoteness, of high tragic dignity, which enveloped Æschylus and lingered about Sophocles.

To him the gods are not infallible; they are rather tempters, whose promptings man must resist or obey as his own understanding prompts him; and seen in this light, as an avoidable deed of private vengeance, the actions of Orestes and Electra assume a more sanguinary and awful, because a less inevitably ordered, aspect. The stern justice of Æschylus' Orestes and Electra bears almost the same relation to the vacillating, trembling, over-wrought crime of Euripides' brother and sister, that an old-time state execution bears to the hanging by lynch-law in some remote Western state of to-day.

Therefore, Euripides, constrained, it may be, by a dramatic sense superior to those possessed by either of his two earlier rivals, introduces the palliative urging of the old herdsman to nerve the two instruments of vengeance to their deed. Of the three Electras, Euripides', while the most closely studied—Æschylus, in particular, is far more interested in Clytemnestra—remains at once the most interesting and the most repellent of them all. The cold-hearted calculation of her scheme to entrap her mother to her death remains absolutely unforgivable; yet when the play is over and the book closed we cannot but be glad that at last her feud is ended, and a season of sunshine promised to her withering springtide of womanhood in the love of Pylades; and that the harried, strangely sympathetic figure of Orestes is destined to forgiveness and ultimate happiness in exile. The lyrics sung by the promiser of these fortunes,

the god-like Castor, are of extreme beauty; indeed, all of the choric utterances in this play are sufficiently lovely to enable us to overlook the fact that, so far from being integral parts of the drama, they are for the most part positive interruptions to the action.

To conclude, then, *Æschylus* stands, a remote figure of god-like stature, lighted with the morning; *Sophocles*, next him, is, like Castor, half human, half divine: last, *Euripides*, wholly mortal, stands, neither quite accepting nor wholly rejecting the gods of his fathers, combating destiny, full of doubts, uncertainties, sympathies—full of the naked barbarity of that so-long-ago civilisation—a strangely modern and appealing figure. When we consider that the speaking characters on the stage at one time were positively limited to three, thus necessitating continual exits, the freedom and apparent ease with which the action moves forward is nothing less than marvellous.

The flower of Greek drama, having come to full perfection, withered and died, and every subsequent attempt to accustom it to an alien soil has hitherto failed.

Worshippers of beauty in all its forms, the Athenians abhorred physical pain and naked violence; so that, while all the murders and bloody battles are performed off the stage and narrated by messengers, the entire tragedy of two plays, "*Philoctetes*" and "*Prometheus Chained*," consists in the physical suffering endured by the hero. To the northern races, inured to hardship, this does not seem to be sufficient motive for a tragedy; and this softness was eventually the cause of the downfall of that exquisite culture, once opposed to the brutal strength of Rome.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

1.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRAVEL

It may be said that a man is bound to the agreeable illusion of youth until he no longer expects to find something rather wonderful round the next corner. It is this youthful capacity for wonder that sends grown men laden with tinned meats to the North Pole; it is this that nerves the sea-fearing tripper to make forlorn excursions to Boulogne; it is this that induces small boys to thrust their heads into rabbit-holes. When we are disillusioned and realise that wherever we go on the round world we take our limitations with us, that it is only in our own hearts that wonder can be born, the desire to visit other countries becomes little more than the desire to escape from an environment of which we are weary. We cannot travel away from our passions—our thirst for song, our hunger for expression, our theory of joy that is one long pain. The man who is hard ridden by his desires will find peace no easier to win in the midst of the desert than by his own fireside. His body may travel ceaselessly between the two Poles; his mind and his heart are imprisoned still in their lifelong cells.

I think that there must be a spirit of childishness in most people that enables them to take pleasure in seeing new things without asking whether their novelty has any significance. It is this naïve curiosity that accounts for the extraordinary tediousness of the letters that we receive from friends and relatives travelling abroad. They describe churches and museums and picture-galleries, or it may be lakes and mountains; it would be more interesting if they would tell us how these marvels really impressed them apart from the tyrannous approbation of guide-books. As a matter of fact we know very well that it takes a great man to appreciate great works of art, and our tourists would be far more sincere, and therefore far more amusing, if they would write about the things that excite them, though it

be only the queer little gooseberry tartlets they have for lunch. But there is a kind of emotional snobbishness that will not confess to the pleasure that is to be derived from trifles, though it is only the very exceptional man who derives pleasure from anything else. Those who possess this especial vanity had better stop at home, for wherever they go they will learn nothing of men and women, and, more important still, nothing new of themselves. For, when all is said, there is this one advantage in moving from one place to another: we shall never discover Arcadia or escape the anguish of existence, but in a fresh environment we may succeed in exploring some untrodden byway of our own natures. Whether a man goes to Margate or the Himalayas, he may not hope to discover more than that.

And yet there is the illusion of the marvellous which makes it difficult for any human being to pack a portmanteau without sharing in some degree the feelings of a merchant-adventurer fitting out an expedition to the islands of rubies and gold. It may be doubted whether any one ever wholly conquers this illusion, and for my part I confess that at such a time I find even a prosaic thing like a roll of collars or a cake of soap agreeably romantic. I feel compassion for the man whose soul is so dead that he can write labels for his luggage without a thrill of excitement. I remember how glad we were to do this at school when we were going home for the holidays, and even when it was a question of going back to school again. We were at pains, by aid of capitals and exclamation-marks, to impress the importance of our "tack-boxes" on the railway mind. We lose something in later life by intrusting the carrying out of these trifling tasks to others; but repetition stales the adventure.

Well, our boxes are packed, either by ourselves or by some one else—our tickets are taken, and with a faint quickening of the pulse we prepare to set forth on our sentimental journey. Let us forget for once the philosophic truth that, after all the pains and discomforts of travel, we shall find ourselves exactly where we were before we started. Let us make-believe—any child can do it—that we are going to a place where the men are more kind and the women more beautiful than any we have known before—a place of young laughter and old song; above all, a place where we shall be masters of our own natures, and have peace at last from the wild unreason of our days.

The apples and flagons are in the rack overhead, and I have an agreeable companion, whose baggage chiefly consists of books of verse. There are people on the platform to see us off—Christine, still mindful of the wiles of Chloe, and a wise, sad little man who has made a great reputation as a wit by continually laughing at himself. For a painful twenty minutes we talk banalities, and I am reminded of a famous essay of Mr. Max Beerbohm's without being freed from the spell. Then the train starts, and relief gives us a fleet happiness.

It is three years since I last went to Brussels, and then I went on a cargo-steamer without any luggage at all. When we were within an hour of Antwerp I saw something which was a good example of the fact that the extraordinary is not always the wonderful. Within a hundred yards of our little vessel, in broad daylight on a calm sea, a great passenger-boat, the *Montezuma*, ran into a steamer fully laden with cargo and cut her nearly in two. There was no loss of life. The crew of the cargo-steamer had plenty of time to scramble up the sides of the *Montezuma* before the smaller boat sank. The whole business was oddly unimpressive. Somehow or other the calmness of the sea and the brightness of the sunshine gave the calamity an air of artificiality, and I have seen a far more convincing wreck on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. There was only one strange moment in all those pregnant minutes. The deck of the cargo-boat was laden with agricultural implements, and just as she

sank I had a brief vision of green and red ploughs standing among the salty meadows of the sea. After that we went down to breakfast.

This time I crossed in a fog, and the air was full of the bleating of nervous ships. I walked up and down on the deck, and looked in the faces of my fellow-travellers, wondering why they, too, were at pains to journey from one place to another when everywhere on earth joy has a briefer hour than sorrow. I was going to visit Brussels and Amsterdam and Paris, and afterwards other places, perhaps; but wherever I went I should find men and women laughing, crying, hoping still. It is not necessary to travel in order to behold such miracles, but there is a distemper of the blood that finds tranquillity in wandering. Perhaps we were all suffering from the same complaint, and the vessel was in truth a hospital-ship. I recalled a poem of Ernest Dowson's, and murmured it to the fog between the lamentations of the myopic ship, "For I go where the wind goes, Chloe, and am not sorry at all." I doubt whether any one on the boat had a better reason than that for their pilgrimage.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

INDIA: A SERIES

VII.—STRENUOUS REFORM THROUGHOUT THE ADMINISTRATION

CURZON OF KEDLESTON. 1899-1904-1905.—(Continued.)

FINANCE dominates every department in internal administration. After deficits and unstable exchange, an annual surplus was very welcome. When Sir Henry Fowler's Indian Currency Committee had reported, the Indian Government legislated in favour of a gold standard, the sovereign to be legal tender, and sixteen pence to be the legal rate for the rupee. Currency reform was subsequently completed when the profits of coinage were set aside to form a gold-reserve fund, so that a permanent guarantee for the stability of exchange was ensured. Countervailing duties were imposed on bounty-fed sugar. The salt-tax was twice reduced by Lord Curzon, and all possible care taken that the benefit of the reduction should reach the poor consumer. Much revenue was thus sacrificed, but increased consumption lessened the loss. The line of exemption from income-tax was raised. Besides the remission of taxation large grants were made for provincial and local purposes. These financial reliefs were afforded, although the country had suffered from severe famine in 1899-1900—perhaps the severest that India has ever known—which affected an area of 420,000 square miles and a population of sixty millions, in Bombay, the Panjab, Central Provinces, and Native States. Over six million persons were for weeks dependent on relief administration and charity. The total expenditure was very considerable, including a remission of land-revenue of £1,320,000. There was abnormal mortality in Guzarat and elsewhere; in British India there was an excess mortality of half a million, more or less attributable to famine conditions, and it was greater in the Native States. A Commission was appointed to inquire into the famine-relief operations, and suggest improvements in famine administration for the future. Irrigation was pressed forward; a Commission appointed to investigate future schemes presented a valuable report. Other Commissions were nominated, on the Police as well as on the Universities and Higher Education, and educational conferences were held; Technical Education and European and Eurasian Education were carefully examined. A serious effort was made to reduce the amount of report-writing, and

to simplify the procedure in Government offices. A railway Board and a Member of Council for Commerce were appointed. An Agricultural College was established as a model for similar institutions in each Province to teach agricultural science. Plague continued to defy analysis, the efforts of medical officers, and all administrative plans for its extinction. But the people became more resigned, and less interference was enforced. A scientific Commission reported favourably of inoculation, which saved many lives. Some important legislative measures were passed, such as the Universities Act, the Official Secrets Act, the Indian Mines Act, the Ancient Monuments Preservation Act, the Co-operative Credit Societies Act, an Inland Emigration Act, the Panjab Land Alienation Act (which has since been extended to other areas).

On the death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, on January 22nd, 1901, deep public feeling was exhibited throughout India—the mourning was universal; shortly afterwards Lord Curzon initiated a project for a Victoria Memorial Hall to be erected at Calcutta; large subscriptions were offered by wealthy natives for this object, to which many others contributed. Lord Curzon's tenure of office was renewed after his absence for six months in 1904. One of his latest measures was the so-called Partition of Bengal, which involved the reduction of that Province by three divisions, containing many millions of inhabitants, and their transfer to Assam, to make a new Lieutenant-Governorship. Lord Curzon rejected the idea of an Executive Council for Bengal to relieve the Lieutenant-Governor; it has, however, since been created. The partition met with great opposition, some of which was possibly fictitious; meetings were held to protest against it and to boycott British goods. In military matters changes and improvements were required; the native regiments were rearmed, the artillery strengthened, and the British officers increased in number—Army expenditure always shows a tendency to rise in India. In 1905 the Government of India differed from a proposal of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, for the creation of an Army Department under himself, charged with the whole business of military administration. Lord Curzon objected to the abolition of the military member of Council. On the decision of the dispute by the English Cabinet, supporting the main proposal, he resigned. Lord Curzon's ability, as displayed in his writings and speeches, was undoubted; the stimulus he applied was often required; but the unceasing pressure which he applied universally and his severity rendered him unpopular, and left a legacy of political discontent.

CONCURRENT CONCILIATION AND REPRESSION MINTO, 1905-1910

When Lord Minto became Viceroy, late in 1905, discontent had developed into active disaffection, tending to sedition and violence. After realising the situation, he initiated a policy of Constitutional reforms which, after consideration by a special Committee and the Government, found expression in a Parliamentary statute—the Indian Councils Act of 1909. Meanwhile Lord Minto had to cope with agitation and outrage. It became necessary in the spring of 1907 to deport certain agitators from the Panjab, under an old Regulation III. of 1818, occasionally used for political purposes, which was again utilised in December, 1908, for the deportation of nine Bengalis. Various murderous attempts and outrages occurred. A temporary Ordinance was converted in 1907 into an Act for the Prevention of Seditious Meetings, likely to cause disturbance of public tranquillity, the Act to be operative in notified Provinces and proclaimed areas. An Explosive Substances Act was passed on the lines of English law, to punish the criminal misuse of explosive substances.

The Newspapers Act was also passed, to make better provision for the prevention of incitements to criminal outrages in newspapers. It was confined to incitements to murder, to offences under the Explosives Act, and to acts of violence. As it failed to check the seditious utterances of the Vernacular Press, another more comprehensive measure was enacted in 1910, which, besides the incitements above mentioned, included matter likely to cause mutiny, sedition, religious or race hatred, intimidation, or interference with the administration of the law, or the maintenance of law and order. It included also a procedure for the deposit and forfeiture of security. This measure was accepted by the Extended Legislative Council, and has improved the behaviour of the Vernacular Press. By the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1908 provision was made for the more ready trial of anarchical offences and for the prohibition of associations dangerous to the public peace. A bench of three High Court Judges was constituted as the tribunal. Among other useful legislation a new Code of Civil Procedure, applicable to the whole of British India, became law in 1908. The special Acts enumerated indicate the repressive measures required to meet existing circumstances.

In England the Royal Commission upon Decentralisation in India was appointed and presented a report. The Council of India Act of 1907 made changes in the constitution of the Council and the tenure of appointments. Two Indian members were added to it. Under the Indian Councils Act above mentioned the maximum strength of the Legislative Councils was raised from 126 to 370, and the number of elected members from 39 to 135. An official majority was retained in the Imperial Legislative Council, but was dispensed with in the Provincial Councils. Special electorates were provided for Mahomedans, and arrangements made for nomination of representatives of particular classes. An Indian was appointed Legal Member of the Supreme Executive Council, the existing local Executive Councils were expanded, and an Executive Council was created for Bengal to admit of the appointment of Indians as members. Changes were made, giving great latitude in the discussion of the annual Budgets and matters of general public interest. Thus every effort was made officially and supported personally to conciliate the discontented elements by affording greater opportunities for the participation of Indians in public affairs. Lord Minto simultaneously conciliated the Native Princes by consulting them and relaxing the requirements of efficiency in their administration, which they had resented as interference. He received the Amir of Afghanistan, and made a friend of him. Other matters were not neglected. The military member of the Executive Council was abolished; a new member of Council and a Department for Education were established; the Railway Department was reorganised; an attempt was made to deal with malaria; improved measures were adopted against plague; the cultivation of poppy was diminished, and the supply of opium reduced, to co-operate with the opium policy of China. The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1905-6 aroused enthusiastic loyalty. The situation had shown signs of improvement before Lord Minto left India.

REFLECTIONS ON MODERNITY

THE cinematograph and gramophone have established themselves as familiar facts, almost as commonplaces, in our lives, with such singular swiftness, that we have perhaps missed the thrill of wonder that is their due, and the strange message that they bring to all thinking men and women. Marvels nowadays come so quickly one after another that modern man hardly stops to discern what it all means and

where he is being led. He becomes *blasé*, and that which would have kept his forefathers gaping for a year assumes to him the aspect of a prosaic fact in a week.

In the darkness of one of London's innumerable Electric Palaces that have sprung up like mushrooms almost in a night let us try to shake ourselves free from the rather apathetic mesmerism of the performance, and detach ourselves with an effort from the fascinating adventures, and quietly think what is happening. We are listening to an impersonal voice, and we are looking at an impersonal play, both *almost* to the life, but without the living presence of actor or singer. What has done this?—primarily, powers of thought. Where our forefathers saw fleshly personalities we stand on the threshold of a new era; we are beginning to see thought-people and to hear thought-voices.

The world seems to be rising from its apparently established fetters in every direction, mind is overcoming limitations of time and space in ways that have never been even faintly imagined possible to man. Before the discoveries of the steam-engine, electricity, telegraphy, Marconigraph, motors, and aeroplanes all communication over distance depended on man personally carrying a message, and all movement depended on man's own legs or on those of animals to draw or carry him, except, of course, over the waters. It is always an evolution that one can trace from man's personality utterly dependent on himself, his bodily strength and muscles, to mind independent of personality carving out new methods of freedom and breaking away from the old limitations.

Look for a moment at another sign of the times. What game now claims the first place in the mind of the English-speaking game-playing upper classes? There can be no doubt that it is golf. "Ye ancient and Royal Game" has certainly come into its kingdom. Was it not declared in the august pages of the halfpenny paper that reaches—almost, we might say, dictates—the thought of millions of people daily, that a continuous game of golf could be played from Cornwall to John o' Groats, so surprising is the number of courses that have been made everywhere. What constitutes the especial charm of the game to this generation? Ask any golfer if he relies on his muscles, physique, or strength; he will tell you that they count for little—in fact, that if used as mere hitting force they will spoil any stroke in golf. Every stroke has its science and reason, and woe betide the golfer who uses only muscle and not his knowledge of the principle of the game. He will plough up much turf and may hit the ball hard along the ground, but nothing will send it whistling into the air, a straight 200 yards towards the hole, except the man's mind controlling the swing of his club every inch of the way. It is the most *mental* game that ever was played, and every golfer knows this, for herein lies its charm.

Look now in still another field of activity. What is going to be the result of the immense spread and development of the Daily Press? The daily newspaper, and particularly the halfpenny daily newspaper, is becoming a startlingly potent factor in the world's thought. Day by day all civilised places on the globe are presented with the news of the world for them to consider. Thought is now flashed swiftly from continent to continent, opening and enlarging the consciousness of mankind far beyond each personal circle or country, levelling prejudices and unifying the world's thought—for good or evil. The thought-force of the daily paper is indeed another of the mental giants of to-day, and one who as yet has hardly realised his latent powers.

It is not within the scope or purpose of this article to touch on religious matters. We can only glance for an instant at the noticeable and determined search that this age is making to find for itself salvation from all ills, whether of mind or body, far apart from the established methods that have long been considered orthodox. Every sort of attempt

to discover new forces, or hitherto unapplied forces in mind is being made. Everywhere man is reaching out and trying to find and apply the laws of an Infinite Intelligence that he feels, however dimly as yet, to be the underlying Reality of all things.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE

By LANCELOT LAWTON

DURING the past few weeks the conviction must have been growing upon the minds of all calm and reasonable men that were one-half of the sensational reports appearing with such unflinching regularity in the columns of the daily Press to possess the merit of truth, then the balance of power in Europe is completely upset, and, with dramatic suddenness, involving abrupt disregard for already contracted obligations, the diplomatic forces of nations are once more dividing themselves into rival camps as a preliminary to the long-expected conflagration which is to sweep the world to its four quarters. But as M. Pichon, then in office, and vigorously defending the *Triple Entente* against the blundering mischief-making of an irresponsible Press, recently observed, "diplomacy is not conducted in the public streets." Nevertheless, diplomacy does not always find it possible to conduct its business behind closed doors and drawn shutters, while in certain instances publicity, whether in candid revelation or cautious disclosure, becomes the very breath of wise diplomacy. When, however, due allowance has been made for these considerations, it must be confessed that the prevailing note of pessimism finds no justification in actual circumstance. A series of remarkable events of deep international concern has happened within a very short space of time, and consequently ample material has been provided upon which to build the unstable structure of speculation. The death of King Edward, whose noble work in the cause of peace had led him to be regarded everywhere not only as the first gentleman but also as the first diplomatist in Europe, and the pre-occupation of the nation in home affairs, undoubtedly spread a feeling abroad that the foreign policy of Great Britain had become seriously weakened. But it was not until the historic meeting of the Emperors at Potsdam that the least suspicion arose as to any change in the grouping of the Powers. All indications on the surface seemed to point to the fact that a definite understanding, which in spirit if not in letter was opposed to the aims and objects of the *Triple Entente*, had been concluded, and one well-known publicist, Dr. Dillon, boldly announced its sudden decease.

In France, as well as in this country, considerable criticism has been levelled at the conduct of foreign affairs, and, as a matter of fact, dissatisfaction with the Government on this score, arising largely from ignorance, has been contributory in bringing about the Cabinet crisis. And no sooner has the funeral oration of the *Triple Entente* been delivered than news comes that the Triple Alliance is in danger. Italy, who has never been an enthusiastic partner in the compact, finds cause for alarm in the warlike preparations of her "friend and ally" Austria; while the Kaiser's regard for the Vatican's susceptibilities has increased the difficulties of the situation. Yet another disquieting symptom of international concern is to be found in the proposals of the Dutch Government for the fortification of the Scheldt, proposals which, if carried out, will in the opinion of experts put an end to Holland's neutrality. If we are to accept all the ready-made deductions in the Press

without careful discrimination, then it must be conceded that since the death of King Edward the balance of power in Europe has undergone a series of startling changes such as find few parallels in history. Thus, we are told that the *Triple Entente* is dead and the Triple Alliance dismembered; that the League of the Three Emperors has been virtually established; that Russia has deliberately torn up her Treaty of Alliance with France and wantonly ignored her obligations of friendship towards ourselves, and that all that remains to us amid the charred ruins of King Edward's magnificent peace-edifice is a lukewarm *entente* with France.

Were this story true it would indeed constitute a gloomy record of the collapse of British policy and British prestige. But a logical consideration of all the circumstances, in so far as we are permitted to peep behind the screen of diplomacy, will prove to us that no such disaster has happened, and that all sensational statements which have spread the contrary belief are merely founded upon irresponsible speculation. It is certainly not the *Triple Entente* that has suffered in consequence of recent developments. I have just returned from St. Petersburg, and I think I can say with confidence that the national sentiment of Russia was never more favourable towards Great Britain and France than it is to-day, and that it is the wish of the statesmen who are in power that this national sentiment shall continue to find expression in firm and unwavering adherence to the *Triple Entente*. It is urged by many critics that this *entente* has always been more or less shadowy; that it involves no clearly defined plan of action; that, stipulating no binding obligations, it ensures no tangible benefits, and that it has faded away because no longer does it possess any perceptible *raison d'être*. Publicists who indulge in these pessimistic reflections overlook the very positive results which have already been attained. For instance, all outstanding questions between Great Britain and Russia have been amicably settled, and it was due largely to the mediation of Great Britain that an early *rapprochement* between Russia and Japan became possible. Furthermore, it is known that France and Russia have definite arrangements of a military nature which would become operative in certain eventualities, that Great Britain has been admitted to their confidence in this matter, and that, moreover, what practically amounts to a military convention is in existence between Great Britain and Japan. These precautions imply no hostility to any other Power or group of Powers; they are merely the business-like outcome of the *Triple Entente* and its corollary, the Far Eastern *Entente*.

Time alone will show that so far from the Potsdam understanding having dealt a death-blow to the *Triple Entente*, it has revealed at once the vitality and the useful elasticity of that important compact; for it is not for one moment to be supposed that when Russia, France, and England agreed on broad lines to merge their destinies, any one of them consented, or was asked to consent, to the limitation of her individual activities to the point of self-effacement. Russia's activity on this occasion evinces a marked and far-seeing consideration of British interests where, but a decade past, she was universally suspected of harbouring covetous designs. Perhaps the surest guarantee of her continued loyalty to her partners—England and France—is to be found in the Tsar's passionate desire for peace. No longer surrounded by that powerful coterie of ambitious and militant empire-makers, of whom it is not an exaggeration to say that they were personally responsible for the sanguinary campaign in Manchuria of 1904-5, His Imperial Majesty realises that the prosperity and happiness of his countless subjects rest in the keeping of the peace of Europe. And who knows better than the Emperor of All the Russias that the peace of Europe depends upon that most exquisitely delicate of international adjustments—the balance of power?

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

We are really the most sublimely self-centred people in the world. We remain quite happy as long as our own immediate interests are not jeopardised. Last week we saw New York sharply shaken by a decision that was not only unexpected, but also disquieting; Paris was equally disturbed by a dangerous gamble in Maltzoffs, and a consequent liquidation. Yet because rubber rose to 7s. a pound we remain serene, optimistic, and genuinely bullish. The City does not altogether like this renaissance of rubber. It wants general business. It is a little jealous of Mincing Lane. It does not forget that when the last wave of excitement in the rubber market subsided it left many stranded upon the mud. Yet it looks as though all the savings that have accumulated during the past few months of trade prosperity would be invested in rubber. Even Home Rails are more or less neglected. Some of the new issues have gone well. The Mogyana was over subscribed; indeed, it deserved the honour. Roneo went well; it was sound and was also well advertised. St. Ivel scraped through. Alpha did not find favour. The Panama timber was a hopeless fiasco. This abortive issue should teach the timber people a lesson. Speyer Brothers carried through their St. Paul and Kansas City Railway Loan, and are ready with a tube issue which the good report of the Underground Electric may cause to be over-subscribed. Sir William MacKenzie is interested in a Canadian company which we shall see out almost at once.

MONEY has been just a shade hard, but must gradually become cheaper until such time as the Bank of England decides to reduce its rate to 3 per cent. Yet those scribes who are sworn to support dear money look gloomy. This does not prevent the bill-brokers from bidding 2½ for long-dated bills. The effort to keep up rates has failed.

CONSOLS grow harder, and the public will soon realise that the price is too low. When the Bank Rate falls, as fall it must, we shall see a sharp rise in all gilt-edged stocks. The supply of fine Trustee Stocks is gradually becoming smaller each year, and the amount now available is not enough to go round.

FOREIGNERS are so much under the control of Paris that no one expects any move. Russians are steady. I can say no more. Tintos are much too high as an investment, but if the Supreme Court decides in favour of Tinto we shall see a big move in all copper shares, and Tintos will rise. They are, of course, the great gambling counter on the Paris Bourse. The astounding rise in Maltzoffs has upset Paris operators, all of whom sold short and all have been caught. They now ask that the shares shall be denied the usual settlements. To an Englishman this seems very absurd, but the rules and regulations of the Paris Bourse are truly marvellous. Fancy our Stock Exchange banning an industrial share because the dealings in it were enormous, and all one-sided!

HOME RAILS.—After the exciting days of last week this market has become almost dull. If the railway companies would agree to issue stock to bearer they would find that it would increase speculation and improve the price. This is a most important matter for all companies. They issue stock to shareholders or to stockbrokers at a shade under the market-price of the day, and every ten-point rise means a considerable sum to a railway company. The modern

tendency is in favour of bearer stock. The whole world has long since decided in its favour. England alone prefers the antique and cumbersome registration with its tedious transfer. If English Railways issued bearer stock they would get an international market. The French have enormous sums of money to invest. They would buy Home Rails freely if they could buy "bearer" securities. At the moment the market looks weak, but if the reaction goes further all the best stocks should be bought. North Easterns are cheap. Bruns and Great Westerns are cheap. Lancashire and Yorkshire are very cheap. We shall wonder in a year's time why we let the chance slip by. The rise has not yet begun.

YANKEE RAILS.—The Inter-State Commerce Commission completely upset the plans of the bankers, and strong as Morgans and Kuhn Loeb may be, they will find the new conditions of the market somewhat difficult. The actual position of many of the railroads will be seriously affected. For example, New York Central has spent many hundreds of thousands of dollars fighting for higher rates. It hoped that the decision would add at least \$3,500,000 to its income. It has to find \$1,500,000 to meet its additional fixed charges. Last year it got a slice of melon from the Lake Shore. Its operating income has only increased two per cent. during the last seven months, and the company needs \$4,000,000 increase on the year if it is to maintain its dividend, pay its increased charges, and carry forward as much as a year ago. At the moment this does not appear likely. Other lines will be equally hurt by the decision. But perhaps there is something in Brandeis's contention, that all the big lines can save if they choose. We shall see. In the meantime the market, though well supported by the big houses, all of whom have huge finance schemes on hand, looks dull, and it is hardly the moment to buy. Now that the Kuhn Loeb people have bought out Gould, the Missouri Pacific should be watched. But I am told that the bankers consider the price too high, and that they do not expect to get the line into proper shape for another two years.

RUBBERS are the fashion again. The public came in suddenly at the end of last week, and this week there has been good buying from the Continent. Mincing Lane has hung on to its shares, and the Stock Exchange not possessing any supply, the result has been a very sharp rise. Anglo-Malay are talked much higher purely upon market manipulation. The sales have been good, as indeed every one expected. We now read tales of wealth that must accrue to all the companies through the increase in price. But I distrust calculations in the rubber market. I remember the last boom and the fanciful figures upon which men hoisted their favourite shares. Yet no one should be misled in rubber, for the companies themselves do not mislead us; indeed all the Malay companies are absolutely honest. Their directors and managers are over-cautious, and all that is official is reliable. They may well cry "Save us from our friends!" The price of raw rubber is rigged, but not by the Lane. It is manipulated from Para and Manaos. How long the Brazilians will be able to hold the price depends upon the strength of their finance. A rise of 2s. per lb. means, of course, increased dividends for all the plantations; but we must wait and see how long the price remains at its present figure. Those who follow the market should not add more than 1s. per lb. to the profits for the current year, but even this is worth considering. Again I say: Only the best! Do not touch any outside shows. Leave African rubber severely alone. No South American company is worth discussion; many of the Ceylon companies are dangerous; Java should be scanned with caution—interplanting has here interfered very much with the growth of the rubber. The Sumatra companies appear to me over-

valued. We are evidently in for a good rise, and at the moment there is no stronger market in the House.

OIL.—The event of the week has been the official announcement that Sir Marcus Samuel does not consider himself justified in floating the Gernsah Oil-fields. I have been over these fields and I agree with Sir Marcus. Twenty years ago I discussed the oil-field with Sir Elwyn Palmer, who had the foolish opinion that the reason he could not find oil was that the Standard Oil Company prevented him. This sounded very pretty, but was only nonsense. The reason he could not find a payable field at Jebel Zeit was that there was none to be found. Nevertheless, he spent twenty-five thousand pounds, and died a firm believer in the future of Egyptian oil. That there is oil all down the Red Sea everybody knows. But that is no reason why it should be profitable to work. I have again and again warned people not to gamble in Egyptian oil. We may eventually be able to say definitely that there is a payable oil-field, but up to the present it is all too vague, and, in my opinion, little better than a Stock Exchange gamble. Black Sea Oil-fields are to be put up, and there is wild talk as to the price. They seem a reasonable gamble.

RHODESIANS AND KAFFIRS.—I lump these two markets together for the plain reason that neither of them is to-day of sufficient importance to require a separate paragraph. The best Kaffirs now show 7 per cent. after allowing for amortisation, and some people consider that this is an attractive level. Personally, I would prefer to wait; but I am compelled to report that many good judges consider the market has bottomed, Rhodesians are out of favour, and the options on Chartered tend to keep the market down.

MISCELLANEOUS.—I again repeat my advice of last week to buy Whiteley's Preference and Ordinary, for the meeting is certain to have a good effect on the market. Harrods will make a success of their new issue, and no one deserves a success more, for this company is managed with meticulous care and remarkable judgment. Maple's meeting was a great success, and here again I must congratulate the Board upon its management.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

HARROD'S STORES

The twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, February 28, on the company's premises, Brompton-road, S.W. Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., chairman, said: Having regard to the important resolutions which later on will be submitted to you, I do not propose to dissect the accounts in the usual lengthy manner. They are presented to you on the lines with which old shareholders are familiar, and they contain all the information to enable everybody interested in the company fully to understand the various items under the heading of working expenses, provision for depreciation, sinking funds in respect of leaseholds, fixtures, etc., reserves, and, finally, the distribution of the profit. I am very specially desirous of drawing attention to the pension funds. That for managers and buyers now stands at £8,776, which has been jointly built up by the members of that fund and by the company. To refer briefly to the figures, No. 1 account shows an increase of gross profits of £67,469, but a diminution of £3,502 from rents received and receivable. The difference is accounted for by the fact that we converted certain flats into business premises, and from them, of course, we no longer receive fixed rentals. The working expenses, consequent upon the largely increased business, show an increase of £31,765 for the year. If you will turn to the report, you will find that the profit balance to dispose of is £225,274, or £15,181 more than last year. (Applause.) The method of distribution is set forth, and before I submit the resolution to you I shall be pleased to answer any question on the report and balance-sheet which any shareholder may wish to put. Having disposed of any other formal business, we shall proceed to deal with the special resolutions. If there is any other matter arising out of the report and balance-sheet which any shareholder wishes to be enlightened

upon I shall be pleased to answer his questions. I now formally move: "That the report and balance-sheet be received and adopted."

Mr. Edgar Cohen, seconding the resolution, said how extraordinary was the development and increase of this wonderful business of Harrod's Stores. Personally, he had never expressed any great surprise. He had known the Stores ever since the inception of the company.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

The appointment to the board of Mr. H. K. Newton, M.P., was confirmed, and the retiring directors, Mr. Edgar Cohen and Mr. William Mendel, were re-appointed, and the auditors, Messrs. Hays, Akers, and Hays, were re-elected.

The Chairman: I have now to invite your attention to the steps we propose to take to secure the further expansion of this great enterprise. You will notice the concluding paragraph in the report, which states: "The trade of the company for the past year has increased to a greater extent than during any year of the company's existence. To meet the pressing necessities of the continual development of the business the company have acquired the leasehold interest in the premises 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, and 35, Hans-road, and in the public-house at the corner of Hans-road, known as 'The Friend at Hand,' of which latter they have also acquired the freehold, thus completing an island block of four frontages, measuring 1,651ft., the principal frontage facing the Brompton-road being 444ft. To provide for rebuilding this new acquisition—partly freehold and long leasehold—to redeem the balance—£95,900—of outstanding debentures, to furnish the necessary funds for increased stocks, to replace sums already expended on capital account, and to strengthen the company's financial position the directors recommend that the capital of the company be increased by the creation of 140,000 new ordinary shares, to rank *pari passu* with the present 360,000 ordinary shares." You will understand that it is not a figure of speech to say "the pressing necessities of the continual development of the business of the company," when I inform you that the actual increase in the company's business last year was £283,285, an increase utterly unparalleled even in the magnificent history of Harrod's. After protracted and difficult negotiations with leaseholders and freeholders of the adjoining premises in Hans-road we have succeeded in acquiring the whole of the property, enabling us to complete the island site now in the possession of the company. The importance of this acquisition cannot be exaggerated. As soon as the buildings are completed, on which we are already employed, Harrod's will unquestionably form the most complete self-contained, spacious, and elegant premises for carrying on its widely-spread and ever-growing trade that any one of us here has any knowledge of. This is a theme, however, on which I need not dilate; the evidences are before you on every side of ever-growing increase and prosperity. A tour of inspection will well repay any shareholder who is not familiar with our business. He will see great extensions of many departments. For example, during the past year we have very largely extended the furs department, which we anticipate will become of the utmost importance. This has been brought about by our managing director—Mr. Richard Burbidge—having, with the unanimous consent and approval of the Directors, accepted the invitation to join the Board of the Hudson's Bay Company, between whom and Harrod's the most cordial relations exist—relations which, in the future, will undoubtedly be of considerable and lasting benefit to both companies. You, as shareholders, are associated with a business which is not dependent on the sale of articles which require incessant advertising, and the demand for which may disappear as quickly as it came into existence, but you are partners in a business which caters for the daily wants of an ever-increasing number of customers, whose requirements are met, I think I may fairly say, to their entire approval. Indeed, we often receive from customers spontaneous and voluntary assurances of satisfaction and admiration of the way in which their orders are executed, as to price, quality, and delivery. Briefly, then, we are all fully justified in looking forward to the future in a very hopeful spirit, and in expressing the belief that this business must continue to grow far beyond the highly satisfactory position already attained. Since the last issue of capital, nearly three years ago, which brought in a sum of £258,500 into the coffers of the company, our net profits have increased from £172,837 to £225,274—an increase of £52,437 a year in net profits; but during this time considerable sums have been expended out of our current resources on the acquisition of leasehold and freehold properties and on buildings, plant, and fixtures, although, of course, a large portion of this expenditure has not yet become productive. It has therefore become neces-

sary to place our finances in an absolutely impregnable position, and to secure this the directors recommend the proposed creation of new ordinary shares. The proceeds of the contemplated issue would cause a saving to be effected of £5,000 a year in interest on the debentures which would be redeemed, and there would be a further considerable saving in bankers' interest. He concluded by moving the resolutions.

Mr. Burbidge, the managing director, in seconding the resolution, expressed every confidence in the future of the company.

The resolutions were carried unanimously.

CORRESPONDENCE

HARRISON AINSWORTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—All weight must naturally be attached to the words of Mr. Isidore G. Ascher as a contributor to the two magazines which Ainsworth owned and edited. His kind words concerning the review of Mr. S. M. Ellis's truly admirable work, "William Harrison Ainsworth and his Friends," are also on that account the more appreciated.

One of the two points Mr. Ascher makes is: "The inference which you have drawn that, because Ainsworth's romances are only read to-day by young people, therefore they are not in vogue and unpopular, to my mind is not quite correct." But the inference is entirely Mr. Ascher's own. The review speaks of Ainsworth's "romances, which had, it is true, a great temporary, almost accidental vogue, and have since permanently sunk to the level of books which can hardly be greatly enjoyed by any but boys and youths." This is very different from saying they are not in vogue and unpopular. There was no intention whatever, on the reviewer's part, to make so absurd an assertion as that the romances in question are unpopular. I do not believe the popularity of some of the earlier ones has ever flagged much; and, indeed, I have written in this sense elsewhere when dealing with boys' books.

The word "vogue," perhaps, misled Mr. Ascher. By it was meant popularity among grown-ups, persons of education and literary taste. "Vogue," I submit, is hardly the word that would properly apply to books for juveniles; but it would properly apply to "works of permanent literary value," between which and Ainsworth's output a distinction was made.

Like Mr. Ascher, I have been interested in the comparative popularity of the older story-tellers. Investigations in several London Public Libraries have led me to the conclusion—so far as it can be drawn from the number of copies available—that Ainsworth, whilst much less popular than Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Charles Reade, has considerably more readers than, for instance, Trollope. But the difference in the readers!

When Mr. Ascher states that "the Manchester Public Library contains no less than 457 copies of his [Ainsworth's] works, which to-day find numerous readers," he might have added the reason had he wished—because he must know. Ainsworth was born at Manchester; his father and family were well-known there; in several of his novels he made Manchester the centre of interest; he was very fond of his native town and expressed his fondness in various ways. *Ergo*, the Mancastrians are fond of him—to the tune of 457 copies. The fact, however, remains that, out of his innumerable tales, only from twenty to thirty-five on an average find places in the London Public Libraries, and there are seldom more than one to three copies of each of these, compared with the four to eight of his contemporaries' books.

Incidentally Mr. Ascher makes the suggestive remarks: "There is always a vitality in books that fascinate the youthful intellect. What appeals to the young is generally universal. The young mind longs to see its own vigour and freshness mirrored in romance." No doubt. But is it not noteworthy how astonishingly few of such books survive even a few years? And how can that be called universal which appeals only to the young? Is it not the absence of the need for using one's brain in its perusal that is one of the chief distinctions between a story that is truly universal and permanent and what is mere meat for babes? The qualities of juvenile fiction are few and monotonous. There is a speedy limit to one's pleasure in reading of simple bodily vigour and action, especially when there is but little literary charm.

In his second point—"There is positively no foundation in

your remark that Ainsworth in his latter years was ostracised"—Mr. Ascher seems again to be drawing his own inference. It is not mine. The review speaks of Ainsworth's "ostracism from the republic of letters"—which is, by a long way, not the same thing as ostracism unqualified; mentions that he was "long dead to the world;" that one day he woke up "to find himself out of fashion, gradually dropped by former friends;" that "he manfully accepted his banishment from further literary success." Mr. Ascher has out of all this, rather wilfully, if I may venture to say so, construed an assertion on my part that Ainsworth was socially ostracised; whereas what was obviously meant was ostracism from the republic of literature considered as an art. He fell out of the front rank, was quietly ignored after a time, as all persons of no future inevitably tend to be.

Certainly Ainsworth had little or no art-sense. He had no power of self-criticism, and, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling on a different plane, produced, and, worse still published, good, bad, and indifferent stuff pell-mell, without the least restraint. Alas! that Ainsworth's imaginative progeny was so numerous!

One must needs admire the portentous industry which enabled him to continue writing "almost to the end of his life," as Mr. Ascher observes he did; but it is not possible to admire at all most of the writing he poured out in his later period, even though "his last novels fetched prices which many a budding novelist of to-day would be proud to receive." What Ainsworth would receive for them, if he happened to be a budding novelist of to-day, is a far more pertinent question.

Anyhow, Mr. S. M. Ellis is to be heartily congratulated on his brave attempt to construct an ideal writer out of a first-rate character and a second-rate talent.

THE REVIEWER.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid that Miss E. Money Coutts did not quite understand my article on W. Lyon Blaesé's "The Emancipation of Englishwomen." The fault is to be sought, doubtless, in my own obscurity, so, perhaps, it will be as well if I restate my argument in the briefest and clearest terms possible. The case as formulated by me was this: popular politics degrade all who meddle with them; therefore it would be a pity to degrade women by bringing them into the political cesspool, more especially as we owe reverence to womankind as the source and inspiration of all art.

Miss Money Coutts says that if politics be a degrading business, it is high time that politics should be elevated through the influence of those who have inscribed "beneath every masterpiece of the world the words *femina fecit*."

So if there is a hole in the pigsty, we are to cram a Raphael into the crack, because the Raphael is a source of inspiration to all men?

The argument is an odd one; especially when we consider that the Raphael would not stop the crack well and would be ruined in the process.

A cathedral may be a source of beauty and of inspiration to many; but that is no reason why we should smash it to bits and throw the *débris* into a peculiarly offensive morass with a view of smothering the stench. The stones that once bore the great mark of beauty would be swallowed up and the smell would remain.

I don't think that women have any genius whatever for romance, though they are the cause of romance in others; but even if they had genius in romance, in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, and in music, this would be no argument for giving them votes and the balance of political power. There is, I think, no reason to suppose that England would fare better than now if it were ruled by a committee chosen from the Authors' Society, the Royal Academies of Art and Music, and the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Miss Money Coutts says:—

You cannot have it both ways. Either the collective force of women's influence makes for good in this world, or else they "poison, corrupt and destroy." Mr. Machen seems at one moment to fear this and at the next to affirm the exact contrary.

Here Miss Money Coutts has misquoted, or rather, distorted my remark, which ran:—

It seems a pity to poison and corrupt and destroy the source of all beauty and every art with the driest, dreariest

of all the delusions with which the wretched race of men has been afflicted, &c. This is quite a different matter. I expressed no fear of women's poisoning, I expressed a fear of their being poisoned.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE FAR-EASTERN SITUATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last week's issue Mr. Lancelot Lawton succeeded in painting about as black a picture of British enterprise in the Manchurian El Dorado as human pessimism could conceive. If we are to accept as final his version of the situation, then all that remains to be cultivated by the statesmen, the financiers, and the pioneers of industry in this country is a philosophic resignation to the inevitable abandonment of one of the most profitable fields for exploitation to be found in the whole world. We are told that the Chin-chan-Aigun Railway scheme is "dead and buried," and the obvious inference must be, to all who appreciate the true significance of the project in its relation to the whole question of the open-door policy, that all future developments of the same or a similar character are doomed to be stifled at birth. This in itself is a startling and a sweeping assumption. But more is to follow. Mr. Lawton admits us, so it would seem, to diplomatic secrets of undoubted gravity when he explains the manner in which negotiations have been carried on in the past between Japanese and British interests. From all the circumstances it would appear that behind the scenes there has been a remarkable conflict between the various parties who have sought a share in the development of Manchuria. I myself am not altogether unacquainted with certain important phases of the question, and I think that it is due to all who are interested in the future of China that Mr. Lawton, ignoring diplomatic subtleties, should present a plain statement of what is really happening in Manchuria.—Yours, &c.,

"FURLOUGH."

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I might leave your two correspondents to fight their battle, but must point out to the second of them that quotation of a sentence in which "whom" is correct does not justify another in which it is incorrect.

"To whomsoever Antwerp might belong, it would be of value," is perfectly correct; but "Antwerp would be of value to whomever may be its sovereign" is most certainly incorrect. There is the same difference as between "whom I expected to go" and "whom I expected would go"; the first is right, the second wrong. I see no *ellipsis* in either sentence. *Ellipsis* occurs when words are omitted but understood, as when I say, "the horse I rode was a good one," *which* being mentally supplied.

There is an *ellipsis* when Browning's Pope says:—

I can believe this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow, would confound me else,
Devised . . . etc.

The full meaning is: "I can believe that this dread machinery of sin and sorrow—which otherwise would confound me—was devised for a particular purpose." But there is no similar *ellipsis* in either of the sentences about Antwerp. "Whomsoever" is merely another way of saying "him to whom," and "whoever" (not "whomever") of saying "him who." "Whomever may be" is like saying "him whom may be."

A well-known line in the "Ingoldsby Legends" runs:—

Regardless of grammar, they all cried "that's him."

Are we now to understand that the exclamation was grammatically correct as well as colloquially admissible because "that's him" is elliptical for "that is he of whom I spoke"?

In case any one thinks this criticism pedantic, let me observe that the pedantry is on the other side. In conversation we use "who" even when "whom" would be strictly required. When "whom" is printed it is in supposed allegiance to grammar. But when "Maradick at Forty" (p. 68) gives us "He doesn't seem to mind very much whom it is," or "The Silent Isle"

(p. 206) has "whom I gather is a graceful writer," propriety is doubly outraged, since the sentences are at once pedantic and incorrect. I had imagined such slips due to printers; if authors are responsible, so much the worse for them.

Authors are, I fear, responsible for many solecisms that appear in contemporary books. One of the worst of these is "between you and I." Similarly the author of "First and Last Things" (Book IV., § 4) can write, "For he who has faith, death has no terror." And even Mr. Clodd could write, in the first number of *T.P.'s Magazine*, "There came an invitation to Allen and I." Is ignorance of elementary rules considered desirable nowadays? I expect next to be assured that there is nothing ungrammatical in the sentence with which I, again, apologetically subscribe this letter.

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS."

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's protest, though natural, may give a false impression as to fact. The hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written by Heber in England some years before he went to India. In the posthumously published collection of his hymns "Ceylon's isle" was altered to "Java's isle," doubtless because he had discovered how the former name should be pronounced. For some reason, however, this collection has not found favour; most hymn-books still read "Ceylon's isle," compelling us to accentuate the first instead of the second syllable of the name.

T. S. O.

CARLYLE AND MR. FRANK HARRIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think it necessary to suppose that by work Carlyle meant a political appointment or place. I used to take Sunday afternoon walks with Carlyle, but I kept no memo of anything he said. I never remember his speaking of Parliament with anything but contempt, and certainly not that he desired place. I never regarded Carlyle as a philosopher, and I do not think him one now. His memory was splendid even then. I always thought him a Velazquez for a gallery of biographical figures, not a thinker on anything.

C. A. WARD.

Walthamstow.

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